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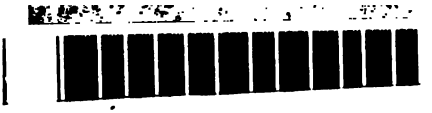

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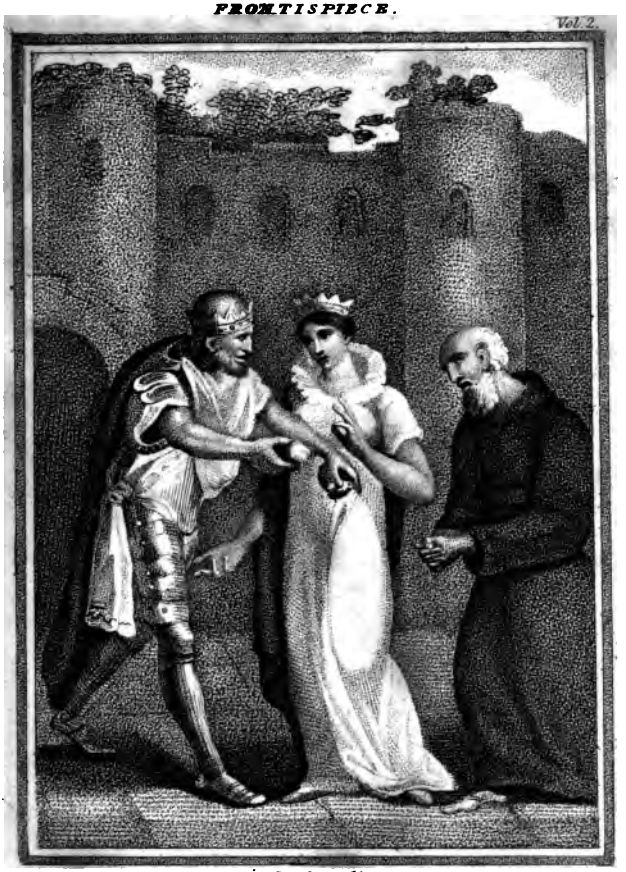

C. Brock sculp

"God forbid that we should deny our fellow Christian bread; he who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can surely support us till some relief arrives."

See Vol 2 Page 88 line 8

Printed by T. Norbury, Swan Yard, New 1809

THE

FRUITS OF REFLECTION;

OR,

MORAL REMEMBRANCES

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

DESIGNED FOR THE PERUSAL OF YOUTH.

By ELIZABETH HELME,

AUTHOR OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, OF SCOTLAND, AND ROME, AS RELATED BY A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN; INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES, &c. &c.

"The first Years of Man must make provision for the last.—He that never thinks can never be wise."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DEC 1881

BODLEIANA.

BRENTFORD:

PRINTED BY AND FOR P. NORBURY;

AND SOLD BY

CRADOCK AND JOY, 32, PATER NOSTER-ROW;

HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; CHAPPLE, PALL MALL;

PEACOCK, OXFORD STREET; AND HATCHARD, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

1809.

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ERRATA.

In page 66, line 1, and in page 67, line 10, for FANATISM read FANATICISM.

THE

FRUITS OF REFLECTION.

ON NATURE AND ART, AND THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GRANDEUR.

READING lately the Abbé Poiret's *Voyage en Barbarie*, I was tempted to translate the following extract, as I thought it might prove amusing to my youthful readers.

"I have lately made some very long excursions:—On one side I have been as far as the base of Mount-Atlas; and on the other, almost to the borders of the great desert of Saara. How sublimely magnificent are the views which I have contemplated, and how striking is the aspect of simple nature.—A thousand times, in Europe, have I admired those exotic plants, which are collected at a great expence in our hot houses, but my admiration never made a lasting impression; for the most fertile genius, or the most exalted imagination can never rise to the sublime beauties of the universe which there appear before them, mingled with the labours of men.

"What satisfaction have I experienced for some months past in traversing these wild and uncultivated regions, where every thing grows in the luxurious negligence of nature; the bramble is neighbour to the laurel,

laurel, and the myrtle is entwined with the thorn, while the pomegranate and olive present themselves to refresh the wearied travellers, defended only by the thick foliage which shield them from the scorching heat of the sun. Various flowers in all the pride of nature enamel the ground, and are constantly renewed by the shedding of their seed on the earth. The oak rises majestically towards the Heavens, and the fruit trees yield abundance without the interference of art.

"The view is diversified at every step; rich pastures, immense plains, hills covered with heath, mastick, broom and hollyock—inaccessible and craggy rocks, barren and scorching sands; dark and impenetrable forests edged with marshes, and extensive lakes, abounding with water-fowl, which hover by day over their surface, and in the

night find a safe asylum among the reeds and bulrushes which cover the banks.

"In exploring these gloomy and venerable forests, their awful solitude frequently carries back my thoughts to the most remote antiquity; until the force of imagination almost leads me to expect to meet some of the primeval inhabitants, who, alas, are no longer to be traced but in their works.

"I cannot convey, by words, any idea of what I experience, when I contemplate the ancient ruins which every now and then present themselves in these wild and desolate regions. Fragments of walls, columns extended on the ground, the vestiges of highways, and inscriptions nearly defaced from the stones on which they have been engraven; these excite in my mind a contemplative melancholy;

I combine the past and the present, compare ages, and consider myself surrounded by the shades of those over whose ashes I tread.

"The Getulians, the Numedians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, "*in my mind's eye*," rise from their tombs, and give me emphatic and affecting lessons on the shortness of life, and the fleeting glory of the greatest empires. I then behold only broken sceptres, fallen crowns, thrones reversed, and nations dispersed and vanished for ever. I in vain seek for the rich and extensive city of Carthage, the powerful kingdom of Jugartha, or the conquests and labours of Rome; all are vanished, and in their stead nothing remains but a few scattered ruins almost buried from the view by briars and bushes.—How eloquently do these ruins speak to the human heart—I sometimes remain

among them whole hours, absorbed in meditation; until rousing myself from reflection, I advance more into the desert part of the country, where my thoughts assume a different character, as I consider the sublime works of my Creator, diversified in majestic variety around me.

" The beauties of nature often disappear under the hand of man; he unites what can contribute to his happiness, or add to his convenience, but he destroys the magnificent arrangement of the universe, and in its stead frequently exhibits constraint, and sometimes absurdity. — Cultivated nature can never have the same effect upon the imagination as nature in a state of rudeness; the first is agreeable and commodious, but the latter, amidst its awful horrors, strikes the mind with the superiority of its beauty and majesty.

" Poets

"Poets when desirous of elevating the mind to great and sublime subjects, usually choose rocks and deserts for their scenery, as the priest of Apollo composing hymns to that Deity in an aged forest, or the druids celebrating their mysterious worship amidst their sacred groves; while, on the contrary, when they represent sportive gambols, gentle smiles, love and the graces, they ever fix their abode on the flowing banks of some crystal fountain in rosate bowers, or in spots embellished by cultivation and art.

"Let lighter studies, therefore, be cultivated in these scenes which best befit them; but for the man of deep research and genius, let him study far from the habitations of men,—let him behold nothing in the universe but the works of the Almighty, such as they came from his hands, —let him leave the virtuosi collecting

their paltry specimens, and disposing of them beneath their glasses in their cabinets of curiosities.—It is not there that the observer of nature will enter on his studies, —he will view the stone in its quarry, the mineral in its vein, and the plant in its native soil—for it is not sufficient to contemplate one particle, he must examine the whole, and consider the harmony that reigns in the distribution of each part.—Such were my reflections during my travels, when I compared what I had seen, with what I actually saw; and reflected with wonder how man can have the presumptuous folly to imagine that he can improve the works of his Creator."

Notwithstanding the above observations, it must be allowed that we owe many of the conveniencies, necessaries, and comforts of life to art, and which even the Abbé Poiret himself would in all probability not

not have liked to relinquish;—but the speculations of philosophy differ widely in theory and practice. The works of nature, as arranged by their Heavenly Architect are indeed beautifully sublime, and raise the reflective mind far beyond the views of cultivated nature;—but the hand of God is equally discernible in the rich and fertile corn field, the well planted orchard, or the productive kitchen garden, as amidst mountains whose summits touch the clouds, or forests whose trees are coeval with the fall of Rome.

Though many may wish to study natural history, yet it may not be convenient to all to visit stone quarries, or incur the expence of tracing the mineral in its vein, or to leave their native country to view a plant in its natural soil; it is, therefore, surely most desirable for such to examine what specimens they can procure with the

least difficulty and danger,—for however pleasant the study may be, the active and necessary duties of life ought to claim the first place in our thoughts.

The instability of human grandeur the Abbé justly describes, and the spot on which he was placed (the ancient Numidia) might well furnish the most serious reflections; at one period the seat of empire and giving laws to the surrounding nations, now swept as it were from the face of that land so often manured with Roman, Numidian, and Carthaginian blood.

"Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul thrilling scene appears!
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles decay'd
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
WhereRome's proud genius rear'd her awful brow!
Sad monument!—Ambition near
Rolls on the dust and pours a tear,

Pale

Pale honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
And conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow patience sits with eye deprest,
And courage beats his sobbing breast;
E'en war's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
And fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of woe.

Lo! on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild, where ruin low'rs,
Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs!
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the pow'r with hoary hair,
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, an airy ring,
Lightly flit with downy wing,
And sap the works of man; and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad survey,
And seals the nation's awful doom;
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray,
He yields to joy the festive day;—
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them
for the tomb."

OGILVIE.

ON

ON THE ADVANTAGES WHICH RESULT FROM THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is of the utmost use in three respects, as instruction, relaxation of the mind, and for a lasting and beneficial amusement.

Idleness and want of employment are a great burthen to many, who would sometimes cheerfully pay as much to get rid of their superfluous time, as others would give to gain it, if such an exchange were

were practicable. Want of employment is very frequently a dangerous and strong incentive to mischievous and evil actions; it is, therefore, no small service to provide such persons with a laudable pastime, and nothing can be more effectual for that purpose than the study of history, as it may fill up the longest life of the idlest man. The pleasure it affords will engage him to relish and pursue the task; and while it insensibly corrects the manners and improves the understanding, may excite him to useful and active employments, and finally teach him not only how to spend his time but to make a proper use of it.

Men of business, and even labour, find an agreeable recreation in the perusal of history; as it unbends and relieves the mind, by a lighter and more entertaining employment.

The

The study of history is not only necessary for youth, to whom it is particularly suited, as being easy and pleasant, but likewise to persons of more mature understanding; as it raises and keeps up their attention, and explains, illustrates, and clears the way for judgment and reflection, much sooner than could be done without this assistance.—God himself has used this method of teaching in his more immediate revelation, great part of which consists of historical events.

History is the means of our acquaintance with a much greater and more remote part of the human race, than would be possible without it; and is a matter of duty which cannot be omitted without neglecting many other duties.

Society cannot subsist, much less can all the ends of their institution be answered

swered without a retrospect to past events; even the single society of a family needs it—much more great communities, religious or civil, as their several prerogatives and duties depend on particular events.—No one can be a useful member of society who is indifferent to the public good, and careless of the concerns, the prosperity or distresses of his fellow creatures; so it is doubtless no merit to affect a disregard to know more of what passes in the world than what immediately concerns ourselves, for that is making self the only object of our thoughts. The more we consider the near connexion between all human societies, the more interesting the events and actions of our fellow creatures will appear to us, even those that happen in the most remote parts of the universe. This connexion not only unites cotemporaries, but likewise extends to different periods, whence general obligations to our ancestors

cestors and our posterity arise, enabling us to discharge both, by rendering the actions of the former useful and instructive to the latter.

Curiosity is natural to man, and it cannot be more innocently or usefully employed than in perusing historical works. Long voyages, attended with trouble, fatigue, expence, and danger, undertaken with a view to see and know the world, to acquire a knowledge of human societies and their constitutions, and to become conversant with the globe we inhabit, cannot answer these purposes without the help of history, and are of double use when thus supported.

History teaches us to make other mens' experience our own, to profit by it, and learn wisdom from their misfortunes. A person who is not quite insensible must,

upon

upon contemplating the public merits of other men, their zeal for the common good, their strict observance of justice and equity, their moderation in prosperity, and their fortitude in adversity, feel a strong disposition to imitate them; and will be forced, in spite of the defects of his natural character, to take frequent shame to himself when he reflects how different he is in the comparison. On the other hand, a relation of cruelty, gluttony, intemperance, or base villany, raises the indignation, and obliges even men of evil dispositions to recoil with abhorrence at the repetition of vices to which they are perhaps themselves unhappily addicted.

History may be called an instructive school of humility and discretion, as it presents us with the most emphatical warnings against pride and a dangerous forgetfulness of our own condition. It incites us to look

look with indifference upon human things, and on the splendour of wealth and grandeur; to moderate our joy, sorrow, fear, and confidence—to become careful of the use and opportunity of time, and to devote ourselves to the practice of rectitude and virtue, which alone is durable, and the only properties exempt from vicissitude.

History discovers to us the obligations we owe to our predecessors, who, besides the examples they have left us of instruction and warning, also bequeathed to us every convenience of life, every benefit of their discoveries in the arts and sciences, fabricated the happy constitution we enjoy, and laid the foundation of that tranquillity which secures all men in civilized societies.

History points out the sources and causes of superstition and enthusiasm, of atheism and disregard to religion. It discovers

covers to us the fallacious grounds on which these errors are built, their dangerous effects and consequences, with respect to individuals as well as whole societies; and thereby warns us against either of the extremities, which it is impossible to fall into without setting aside the authentic convictions of historic and sacred facts.

I shall add a yet greater advantage than any I have named, arising from the perusal of historical accounts.—They considerably improve the knowledge, and point out the right and salutary use of God's wise, kind, and never erring providence.—By considering human events, we may at the same time discover and meditate on the ways and works of God, which are remarkably conspicuous in the transactions of men; in which we may infallibly trace his interference, and that he inspects,

inspects, guides, and directs all human affairs. Whoever, I repeat, considers these events, will find many occasions, motives, and causes to praise and adore his Creator; to acknowledge his goodness with the warmest gratitude, and to resign himself freely to his will, in perfect confidence, patience, and contentment, and to make God the chief object of all his thoughts and actions.

ON

ON WEALTH AND LUXURY.—SUFFICIENCY AND CONTENT.

MRS. BENNET, the informed and respectable widow of an officer, was left with two daughters, with small fortunes, and a more than common share of personal attractions. Prudence and economy made Mrs. Bennet fix her residence in a pleasant part of Devonshire; but at a ball given by one of the first persons in the neighbourhood, Amelia, her eldest daughter, captivated the affections of Lord D——, a young nobleman of great wealth, good sense, and cheerful temper, but unhappily

happily too much devoted to fashion.—Amelia, gratified by the preference he shewed her, accepted his addresses, sanctioned by her mother, and in due time the marriage took place, and Amelia accompanied her lord to town, where, on the ensuing winter, her sister Maria was to join them.

Soon after this event, Maria was addressed by a gentleman named Wellden, rector of an adjoining parish, a young man of respectable family, good sense, unassuming manners, and great piety;—but of a plain person and moderate fortune.—Though Mrs. Bennet would have rejoiced to give her daughter to a young man in every point so unexceptionable, she declined all interference, requesting she would accept or refuse Mr. Wellden, as her heart dictated.

Elated

Elated with the splendid prospect before her sister, and having no doubt of being fixed as advantageously in life, Maria, without considering the excellent qualities of the rector, immediately declined his addresses; though with a delicacy and gentleness that encreased his esteem, and redoubled his regret for his want of success.

Nine months passed heavily, at which period Maria was to join her sister, in London; and though she parted with her mother with regret, yet the sight of Lord D——'s elegant post chariot, which was sent to convey her to town, and the gay outriders and domestics who attended, soon banished all sentiments but pleasure. The villagers testified their admiration, by following the carriage till it outstripped their speed; when, under a tree, at about the distance of a mile from her own dwelling, Maria discovered the rector reading. The

noise

noise of the carriage made him raise his eyes, he saw whom it contained, and sighing, said mentally, "I do not wonder she refused me;" then bowing, he appeared to resume his studies with redoubled attention.

On Maria's arrival in London, though she had been accustomed to genteel life, yet she had no idea of the magnificence which she found surrounding her sister; and in the second letter which she wrote to her mother, about a fortnight after her arrival, expressed herself as follows:——

"My dear and ever honoured Madam,

"CONSIDER your delighted
"girl at the height of her wishes, sad
"only when she reflects she is separated
"from you. What would I give that you
"could see this enchanted palace, for such,
"Amelia's dwelling appears to me.—The

"apartments

" apartments are all hung with silk or " chintz, the mirrors reach from the ceiling " to the floor, the chairs are embroidered " velvet with gilt frames, the pictures are " of immense value, and the girandoles " that illumine the apartments are even " painfully beautiful to the sight, from the " reflection of the numberless cut orna- " ments which surround them.—The " chimnies and tables are covered with " the most expensive and beautiful por- " celain, so that wherever I turn I meet " objects of admiration.

" I sleep under a canopy of blue striped " satin, on so high a bed that I have steps " to mount up to it; and the first morning " I was here, you will laugh at my awk- " wardness, on my sister's woman calling " me, half asleep, and forgetting where I " was, I fell out of bed and broke my " elbow.

" My person has undergone a won-
" derful alteration; though it is so severely
" cold, that had I been at home, you, I
" am convinced, would have obliged me
" to increase my cloathing; yet here I
" have been compelled to lessen it, in
" consequence of which I sit with my
" limbs quivering and my teeth chattering.
" But I must bear it, because it is the
" fashion, and every body else does the
" same.

" You were used to flatter me by
" praising my hair, I am sure you would
" not do so now; half of it at least is cut
" off, and I wear bands of false hair, which,
" though I was obliged to suffer them to
" be put on, I wear with disgust, for who
" knows from whence they came or to
" whom they have appertained?—Perhaps
" to some poor creature who died of a
" malignant or contagious malady.

" My

"My ears have been quite inflamed "from a beautiful pair of pearl ear-rings, "which my kind brother-in-law presented "me with; they are much heavier than "those I have been accustomed to—but "I shall be used to them in time, and I "remember that you have frequently told "us, that '*pride was often painful.*' My "sister has loaded me with presents, and "among other things with a point dress; "which I put on with dread, as though "I have but once worn it, awkward that I "am, I tore it so sadly that it was obliged "to be sent to the lace maker's, and, "would you believe it, it cost five guineas "mending.

"Four nights ago we went to the "masquerade, but I have no inclination "to go there any more; it seems more "properly an entertainment calculated to "please children than grown people, and,

" indeed, I wonder how men and women
" can enter into it. My dress was very
" elegant, but being of crape spangled and
" wrought with gold, it flayed my arms and
" my neck till I was thoroughly glad to get
" it off.—I was also wearied to death, for
" it was past five when we returned home.

" I have not mentioned the household
" arrangements, but they are in the highest
" style of elegance and fashion;—such a
" number of carriages, horses, and servants,
" that you, my dear mother, would call
" them superfluous, but Amelia says it is
" the custom and must be complied with.
" As for the servants, I think they must
" make work for each other;—and then
" some of them are actually dressed as
" much as Lord D—— himself, and when
" they address those whom they consider
" as their inferiors, they affect far more
" consequence.

" The

"The table is magnificent, and so "profusely covered, that even Heliogabalus "would have hesitated where to begin.— "Such a number of dainties, but most of "them so disguised—I had like to have "said spoiled—by French cookery, that I "never presume to touch what I don't "perfectly know; for the second day after "my arrival, I ate something which I "thought very good, but what with the "sauce and high seasoning, I was disor- "dered, thirsty, and feverish the whole "night and day following.

"I shall say nothing of Lady D——, "for she writes by this same post, but "assure you that she appears perfectly "well, and that we look forward anxiously "to the hour which is, I trust, to make "her a happy mother, and you, my dear "madam, a grand-mother.

"I am, with affection & duty, &c. &c."

Two months after the above, during which time Amelia had given birth to a son, and Maria had been addressed by a nobleman of superior rank to her brother-in-law, Maria wrote the annexed letter to her mother.

" My dear and honoured Mother,

" THOUGH I know Lord " D—— has written to inform you of the " happy event that has taken place, yet I " cannot deny myself the pleasure of " writing to you.—My sister, thank Hea- " ven, is well, and if riches and magni- " ficence confer happiness—who so happy " as she?—Such quantities of laces, mus- " lins, and satins, that they astonish a poor " novice like me!—Then the whole street " covered with straw, all the rooms ad- " joining, and over her apartment, spread " with double carpets to prevent a noise; " and such numberless kind inquiries

" after

" after her health that the porter can
" scarcely ever leave the door. I was de-
" lighted to find how much she was be-
" loved, but on remarking it to my Lord,
" he laughed so heartily that I was quite
" ashamed, and to my great vexation re-
" plied, that were my sister even dead,
" that not one of these kind inquiring
" *friends* would stay that evening from the
" opera.

" I have been very unhappy, for I saw
" my sister was vexed; the physicians say
" she is too delicate to suckle her son, and
" so a nurse is hired. Had I been in
" Amelia's place I should not have yielded
" up the duty so easily; for the dear child
" will naturally regard the nurse as its
" mother, and, at least, in infancy, love
" her better than any other person.

" We are to go out of town as soon as
" the Christening is over, which I am
" very glad of, both on my sister's account
" and on my own;—for though I am now
" quite well; yet I have lost my colour, and
" am troubled with the rheumatism, which
" I am convinced is the effect of my thin
" cloathing.

" I must now, my dear and indulgent
" mother, enter upon a more serious sub-
" ject,—I mean the addresses of the Earl
" of F———, who has done me the ho-
" nour of offering me his hand. Lord
" D—— warmly supports his suit, Amelia
" refuses all interference in the business,
" and I am sorry to find myself an object
" of envy to many of the young ladies who
" visit here. He is certainly an accom-
" plished and handsome man, and a match
" far above my expectations; but, my dear
" mother, two months residence in the
" metropolis,

" metropolis, has convinced me, that a re-
" tired life, with yourself, will be most
" conducive to my happiness.—Grandeur
" and riches, at the first glance, are very
" fascinating, but when they become fa-
" miliar they lose their charms; and it ap-
" pears that superfluity, instead of con-
" tributing to happiness destroys it. Of
" what use are chairs and sofas too fine to
" be sat upon without fear of injuring
" them? and is it not inconvenient, that in
" these superb apartments you cannot walk
" or stir without the greatest circum-
" spection, lest you should break a glass
" with your foot or throw down a table of
" china.

" State beds are undoubtedly very
" grand, but are of no real utility,—for
" sleep is neither more sweet or refreshing
" under a satin canopy than under a plain
" dimity tester, as I can truly answer, for

" I have never slept so soundly here as at
" home; and when next I fall out of bed,
" who knows but I may break my bones
" instead of my elbows.

" Fine and fashionable cloaths impose
" a number of restraints that are both
" hurtful and inconvenient—for example,
" in the first place they have given me
" the rheumatism, and are so expensive
" that I am ever in fear of tearing them;
" in the next place, for want of pockets, I
" have more than once been obliged to
" decline giving alms, though my heart
" bitterly reproached me for the omission.
" The luxuries of the table disgust me, for
" from want of exercise, I eat without
" appetite, and rise oppressed rather than
" refreshed; my head aches continually
" from late hours, and without animation
" I go to the opera, the play, or the ball—
" whereas at the latter, in the country, my
" heart

" heart was so merry and my steps so light,
" that I appeared to tread in air. Suppose
" me arrived at the ball—the dancing is
" so different from what I have been
" taught, that I am a perfect stranger to
" it. At the first ball I attended, I con-
" sidered it acting rather than dancing,
" and supposed it would end in the repre-
" sentation of some grand spectacle, for it
" was all attitudes, and to me appeared so
" indelicate, that I instinctively turned
" aside my head with disgust; for though I
" dearly love to see women dance well, yet
" I neither like to see them assume the
" style, or dance with the confidence of
" opera dancers.

" Notwithstanding these observations,
" my dear mother, had I been taught this
" kind of dancing, I doubtless should not
" have discovered its grossness, but entered
" into it with all the spirit that others do;
" though

" though I am still convinced that those
" who do not learn it in their infancy can
" never approve it when they come to
" years of discretion.

" I have hitherto, my dear Madam,
" confined myself to objections to high life,
" I must now, to you, advance some rea-
" sons that influence me respecting the
" Earl of F———; which, however, you
" may think satisfactory, would be held in
" this great town as absurd, and merely the
" effect of my retired and country edu-
" cation. I have frequently observed, that
" he is very apt to jest upon serious sub-
" jects; and though he is witty, and has a
" distinguished talent at ridicule, I hope I
" shall never approve such conduct, nor
" sanction it by a smile.

" When Amelia and myself returned
" from Church, last Sunday, he treated
" our

" our being so well employed with a levity
" which displeased me; — but Amelia
" looked so serious, and, I believe, I
" looked so cross, that whatever may be
" his real sentiments, I don't think he will
" shew his wit again, on that subject,
" before us.

" Yet, my dear Madam, was I to suf-
" fer myself to encourage an affection for
" this handsome and truly agreeable man,
" what might not hereafter be the con-
" sequence?—I could not expect him to
" restrain those lively sallies which make
" him so universally admired and applauded,
" and consequently my ears would be
" accustomed to them, till they insensibly
" lost their effect on my understanding;
" and in time I might become regardless of
" religion and even a scoffer. Heaven
" forbid, but I am not bold enough to risk
" temptation;—the country, I think, is my
" proper

" proper sphere, and I long to return to " my humble home and your maternal " care, if you will kindly suffer me to " decline the honour of the Earl's ad- " dresses, &c. &c."

Mrs. Bennet was too good a mother to oppose her daughter's wishes, and a few months after Maria returned to the country, with even more satisfaction than she left it.

To Maria's sincere concern she found her mother's health had declined in her absence, and that during the greater part of the winter she had been confined, in consequence of which Mr. Wellden had constantly visited her, not only as a minister but as a friend, beguiling the absence of her daughter by conversation, or frequently reading to her during the long winter evenings; or when her health permitted,

mitted, walking with her in a morning, and attending to her infirmities with the duty of a son. This kindness had, however, no object but esteem and humanity; Maria's refusal of the Earl of F——— had reached him through the medium of Lord D——'s friends, and though his affection for her was unchanged it was hopeless, as he had not vanity enough to suppose that a woman who had refused the handsome, accomplished, and wealthy Earl of F—— would accept a rector possessed of a bare competency.

The country air, exercise, plain diet, and a regular life soon restored Maria's health, but that of her mother continued to decline, though not rapidly, for she survived a year, and, previous to her death enjoyed the satisfaction of bestowing her daughter on the worthy rector, who received

ceived her as the greatest good the world could bestow.

Maria and her sister constantly corresponded, but Lord D—— attached to gay life and Mr. Wellden to private duties, three years passed without their meeting, at which period, to the sincere grief of Mrs. Wellden, she learned that her brother-in-law was in a very declining state of health, and advised by the physicians to try the air of Italy as a last resource. In consequence of this information, Maria wrote a most affectionate letter to her sister, offering her own immediate attendance, or proposing that Mr. Wellden should accompany them to Italy, as he had before made the tour of Europe, adding, that he would engage a curate to officiate for him, and that she would remain at the rectory with her children during his absence. Some days passed without their receiving

receiving any reply, and both the rector and his lady gave way to the most alarming presages, when one evening, as they were sitting in an arbour at the bottom of the garden, for it was in the month of May, their man servant announced visitors, whom, he said, were following him, having declined giving their names.

Mrs. Wellden was seated with a fine girl of four months old in her arms, while a rosy sturdy boy, of somewhat more than two years was placed between the rector's knees, who was tying a string to his paper kite—a gentleman, pale, languid, and sickly, with a lady and two boys approached; a scream from Maria announced them to the rector, into whose arms Maria hastily placed her young infant, and flying to embrace Lord and Lady D——, her tears rather than her words bespoke their welcome.

As

As speedily as possible Mr. Wellden resigned his young charge, and joining his congratulations to those of his wife, they conducted the strangers to the house. No superfluities or magnificence recommended the apartments, but a neatness and simplicity which bespoke comfort and competency, and rendered them delightful to Lord D——, from the contrast to what he had been accustomed. A healthy good humoured looking servant, in a plain livery frock, served tea and coffee, without parade, but with a regularity which he had frequently found wanting at his own house.

During this refreshment the rector and Maria so warmly entreated Lord and Lady D—— to take up their abode with them for a few days that all refusal was vain.—Lord D—— informed them that settling his affairs alone detained him in England, and which he was sorry to say would, he

was

was informed, detain him near a month longer ——.

"A month did you say, my Lord," exclaimed the rector, "I conjure you then pass that time with us, and if, with God's blessing, the Devonshire air, the prescriptions of Dr. Wellden, and the care of his dame don't in a great measure restore you I am much mistaken.—It will also do Lady D—— good, and these young gentlemen, for they both look delicate;—see my sturdy boy," continued he, "I will engage a short time in this country will brace them to the same health, and bronze them to the same complexion."

Lord D—— had long considered his journey to Italy as a hopeless resource,—but amused by travelling, he had consented to follow the advice of his physicians; and, as before observed, being detained

detained by wishing to settle his affairs, in case of his death, Amelia had persuaded him to devote the interval to visiting her sister. Fearful of giving trouble, Lord D—— requested his brother-in-law to inquire out some house in the vicinity for his family, which request was, however, peremptorily refused;—the rector added, that they at least had room for Lord and Lady D——, their children, and two servants.

This business arranged, Mr. Wellden with great good humour told Lord D—— that as he had consented to favour them with his company, he would find he had many inconveniencies to endure, but since he had promised he could not in honour retract.—"I am a very tyrant in my family," added he, "and all my regulations are law.—In the first place, I rise every morning at six, and ride till eight,

eight, when I return with a sharp appetite and expect a comfortable breakfast, during which we read the news-papers which are regularly sent us. I next perform my church duties, and read prayers to all who have opportunity or choose to attend church; from twelve to three is devoted to reading, working, walking, the domestic duties, dressing, &c. dinner employs an hour, after which we usually walk, visit our neighbours, and play with the children till seven, when we take tea, and they have their suppers and retire to bed. As we are both fond of music, that and reading (if we are alone) employ the time till near ten, when we make a light supper, and about eleven, with gratitude for the blessings which surround us, as health, competency, and promising children, retire to rest. What say you, my Lord, can you submit to this plodding routine?—if you can, I think I may answer

for

for its success; for I am convinced that you have none of the dangerous symptoms that frequently attend consumptions.—In the dissipation of gay life your complaints would daily increase, and, no doubt, in the end, prove fatal; but, thank God, they have not reached that crisis,—quiet and regularity will, by degrees, overcome the debility that overpowers you, and at length, I trust, restore you to your usual health."

Charmed with the rector's hospitality and suavity of manners, Lord D—— readily entered into his arrangements, and after passing the evening with great cheerfulness, retired to his chamber at half past eleven. The hour was too early for him to sleep, but the bed was good, and reflecting on the happiness and peace that appeared to surround the rector, he at length dropped to repose. Restless the early

early part of the night, Lord D—— could easily have excused being awakened at six, at which hour the rector knocked gently at his chamber door, saying the horses were ready.

Though heavy with sleep, Lord D—— arose and descended to the parlour,—"I see, my Lord," said the rector, "that these early hours don't quite suit you; but custom renders all easy, we will ride gently, and in one short hour this languor will go off."

Lord D—— made little reply, his breath was oppressed, and with difficulty he got on his horse. The morning was fine, the views were pleasant, the rector was cheerful, and entering into the lighter parts of literature, at once attracted Lord D——'s attention and afforded him amusement. Halting for a while on the brow

brow of a hill, for their horses to take breath, he repeated the following lines from Cowper with an energy that impressed Lord D—— with their full force.

" God made the country; and man made the town,
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element;—there only ye can shine;
There only minds like your's can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rers in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satelite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and the offended nightingale is mute:
There is a public mischief in your mirth,
It plagues your country ——————"

COWPER.

Conversing

Conversing pleasantly Lord D——'s languor insensibly decreased; the clear morning breeze relieved his breath, and the ride was prolonged till past eight, when they returned to the rectory, where the first object that struck Lord D—— was his two sons and their young cousin, busily employed in the garden. "Papa," exclaim'd the eldest, "we have been digging and planting trees this hour, my aunt told the old gardener to employ us; the earth smells so fresh and pleasant that it is quite delightful—I wonder you never thought of employing us so before."

"My dear boys you look all the better for the exercise," replied Lord D——, "and I suppose are as hungry as hunters; so you may now come in to breakfast and rest yourselves."

"Oh, no indeed, we have not time, we have had bread and milk, and must finish our work." "Pray do then," replied Lord D——, entering the house, where he found all prepar'd for breakfast, and his lady and her sister ready to receive him.

The morning salutations past, Amelia was charmed to see her Lord take some nourishment; and expressing her satisfaction, she entreated her brother-in-law to call in the physician who attended his family, that his skill might be added to their cares.

"Willingly, my dear madam," replied the Rector; "after breakfast honour me with your company to Church, and there jointly let us crave the assistance of the great Physician of Souls as well as bodies, and I have no doubt but we shall succeed

in

in restoring your husband to your fondest wishes!'

The diary of a day passed at the Rectory was nearly the account of a year. Plenty, regularity, peace and happiness, rendered all pleasant, and in a short month had such evident effect on Lord D——'s health, that he readily consented to pass the summer in Devonshire; during which time his taste for a country life so much strengthened, and his affection for the worthy Rector so greatly increased, that he purchased an estate in the vicinity, and resigned all the pleasures of London without a sigh.

I shall conclude this subject by remarking, that there is no use in great riches but in the expending them, for the mere possession gives no real pleasure.—I have somewhere read, that riches may be called the baggage of virtue, for as the

baggage is to an army, so is wealth to virtue, — necessary when well expended, but cumbersome because attended with care.

ON

ON THE AGES OF MAN.

First the Infant.—Secondly the School Boy.—Thirdly the Youth.—Fourthly the Man.—Fifthly the Middle Age.—Sixthly Old Age.—Seventhly Childishness and Oblivion.

HOW beautifully has the inimitable Shakespear described the seven ages of man, and to attempt to paint them after him would be like the vain endeavour to draw the bow of Hercules;—I simply wish to impress some few of the duties annexed to each state on the minds of my youthful readers.

In Infancy, of all creatures man is the most helpless, "*Muling and puking in his nurse's arms,*" where he is laid there he remains, and by his cries alone expresses his wants.—Many months must he be attended to with the utmost care before he is even capable of walking or feeding himself, and even then how feebly; and how doth the tender parent redouble her cares, for, ignorant of danger, fire, water, and numberless other objects, instead of being to him subjects of terror, attract his childish fancy, and, like a moth, he would rush into the flame if not prevented.

The maladies attending infancy are many, and but for maternal care and attention, few would survive them. In the most malignant diseases the tender mother watches her infant; its face covered over with the loathsome pustules of the small pox, she nourishes it in her bosom—

its

its breath impregnated with the poisonous vapour, mingles with her's as she hangs over it with anxious tenderness, and regardless of fatigue and danger, she forgets all selfish care in the preservation of a life dearer to her than her own. With what joy do fond parents witness the first symptoms of returning health, and what anxious fears intrude, lest their hopes should prove fallacious; their spirits rise or sink with every change of the darling's countenance, and days and nights are devoted to its service.

Next, "*The School-boy with his satchel, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school.*" Education now employs the thoughts of the parents; to give learning to make the man respectable, and fit him for the state in which he is hereafter destined to be placed, to cultivate his morals, to teach him the social virtues, and above all—his duty to God.

Next the Youth——

"The Spring of life. The bloom of gaudy years.
Before the tender nerves have strung his limbs,
And knotted into strength."

SHAKESPEAR.

At this period the cares and fears of the parents redouble; the fascinations of vanity, the seductions of pleasure, alarm them for their offspring.—They paint the dangers of the world, plead their own experience, and caution the young adventurer to walk carefully and firmly in the slippery path.—

——————"Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.
When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown."

YOUNG.

Suppose

Suppose a vessel at sea driven by storms and adverse winds, surrounded with rocks and shoals, and in danger of being either beaten to pieces or overwhelmed in the abyss of water—what thanks would not be due to the skilful pilot who should steer it clear from danger, and bring it safe into harbour? Such pilots are virtuous and informed parents, and happy are the children who listen to the voice of experience; for a wise youth is the pride and glory of his father, but a wicked son covers him with disgrace, and embitters the old age of his mother with sorrow.

Next man.—What important duties are affixed to this period!—Man becomes the responsible agent for all his actions;—his mind is in its full vigour,—his body in all its strength, and hardened in wickedness, or plunged in folly must he be, who dares prostitute the invaluable gifts of his Creator,

and debase his image with gross crimes.—Behold him now tendering to his parents, if they survive, the duty of a son and the attentions of a friend.—Behold him paying the interest of the great debt he owes them, the soother of their sorrows, the supporter of their cares, the staff of their old age, and finally the closer of those eyes, whose last look shall fix on him with tenderness.

The duties of the virtuous husband, the tender father, the good master, next claim their place; for as the principal sets the example the rest in general follow, and he in a great measure becomes responsible for the errors of his dependants, if he fails in the religious and moral duties attached to his state.

The Middle Age.—Experience ripened by time;—the solidity of age with the strength of youth;—the prudent adviser,

the

the firm friend, the wise negotiator, and the calm and dispassionate investigator of those subjects particularly intrusted to his judgment.—In short, the autumn of a well spent life may be compared to the rich produce of well cultivated and fertile lands, collected into one granary, to be dispersed in general good and blessings around.

"The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side,
His youthful hose a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble pipes——"

SHAKESPEAR.

At this period the sorrows intailed on man begin to vex him; the infirmities of age, the necessary mementos that we are not immortal, call upon us to prepare to render up our great account.—Dr. Johnson truly observes,—"That all the comfort that

that can be now expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future:—The past is very soon exhausted; all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure, are quickly recollected, and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can only be reached by virtue and devotion.

"Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hope, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflexion must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.—He, therefore, who would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency, must when he is *young*, consider that he shall

one

one day be *old*,—and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*."

The loss of friends dear to us, the severing of long formed connexions, the different pursuits of youth and age, all tend to detach us from life; and with melancholy pleasure we retrace acts of kindness, benevolence, and humanity, conferred upon us by friends who have preceded us to the grave, and lie mouldering in the dust.

"The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping does herself erect.
Clouds of affections from our younger eyes,
Conceal that happiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

WALLER.

"Last

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

SHAKESPEAR.

Where life is prolonged greatly beyond the common standard, it is usually, too truly, but labour and sorrow. The brave general, the skilful navigator, the firm patriot, the profound logician, the graceful orator, the deep philosopher, and the man of science and genius, alike sink into a second childishness.—Oh, that the picture would make us reflect, and temper our pride with humility; make us strip off the gloss of youth and talents, which adorn and bless the present hour, and force us to mark the future.

To such of my youthful readers as may have aged relatives, I in this case particularly

larly address myself; as I consider a decay of the intellects frequently hastened by the conduct of those about the person so suffering. The most cautious attention is undoubtedly necessary; but pity too openly shewn to a strong mind half broken, is felt as insult, and preying upon the spirits tends to encrease the confusion of ideas.

Encreased weakness frequently makes the sufferer treated as a child, and gives an additional stab; for however the faculties of the mind may be impaired, they will sometimes collect and recal images of the past, in which case the heart recoils at the retrospection, and hope extinct, reason sinks into greater debility. In this state the unhappy person frequently meets with rebuke, impatience, and neglect, till the labouring mind, involved in the mazes of intricate reflection, bursts at once and drops into total oblivion.

At

At such a period who can lament the death of the sufferer—who shall dare to repine because the Almighty Maker would not suffer his work to be farther debased? Life prolonged could not gratify the feelings of the survivors, for it debases their pride, and though it is an aweful picture of what they all may be, yet 'tis a lesson hard to learn, but yet far harder surely to bear.

What an opportunity doth age afford to pay back a debt of duty! to smooth the pillow of pain—and to strew flowers in the passage to the grave! To see blooming youth, with activity in every limb, and animation in every feature, supporting the tottering frame of an aged grandsire or grandmother,—to find them in their apartments, entering into their serious pursuits, reading to them, or by various means beguiling the hour of pain,

what

what a gratification to the elders—what an honour to the youthful,—who, when time shall remove their venerable friends, will enjoy the never-fading satisfaction of having done their *duty*.

ON

ON FANATISM, PERSECUTION, AND FALSE ZEAL.

"*Superstition supports Persecution, and Persecution Superstition.*"

"A Fury crawl'd from out her cell,
The bloodiest minister of death and hell.
Huge full gorg'd snakes on her lean shoulders hung,
And death's dark courts with their loud hissing rung.
Her teeth and claws were iron, and her breath,
Like subterranean damps, gave present death.
Flames, worse than hell's, shot from her haggard eyes,
And fire and sword eternally she cries.
No certain shape, no feature regular,
No limbs distinct in th' odious fiend appear,
But all distended by a mighty flood
Of slaughtered saints, and constant martyrs' blood.

Horror

Horror, till now the ugliest shape esteem'd,
So much out-done, a harmless figure seem'd.
Envy and hate, and malice, blush'd to see,
Themselves eclips'd by such deformity.
Her fev'rish thirst drinks down a sea of blood,
Not of the impious, but the just and good,
'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguished rage,
Nor can the exhausted world her wrath assuage."

BLACKMORE.

FANATISM, or religious enthusiasm, is that blind zeal the object of which is to spread superstitious notions and force all mankind to believe them.

Of this persecuting spirit what dreadful instances do all ages afford. The history of our own country, in the reign of queen Mary, presents the most sanguinary examples; neither merit, age, nor piety could preserve those whose faith deviated from the blind bigotry of that misled and cruel zealot, who thought to ensure her own

salvation,

salvation and spread the doctrine of her priests, by the blood and ashes of her subjects and fellow Christians.

In the low countries, which were then subject to Spain, so dreadful was the persecutions for religion, that no less than fifty thousand persons are said to have been put to death for heresy. In this distress the people implored the protection of queen Elizabeth, offering her the sovereignty of their country; which she, however, declined, but afforded them such ample support, as enabled them to free themselves from the power of Spain, and erect a common-wealth.

In France a scene of cruelty took place, the memory of which can never be obliterated; the catholics of Paris, by the connivance of the priests, and the express order and direction of the king, (Charles IX.)

rose

rose on the unsuspecting protestants, in the night of St. Bartholomew (24th of August), 1572, and massacred ten thousand in Paris, while the same tragedy was repeated at Rouen, Lyons, and most of the other large cities throughout the kingdom.

To recur to yet more dreadful instances, the history of America, and the conquests in that country made by the Spaniards, afford a fresh example. — Influenced at once by avarice, and what they denominated religious zeal, they burnt equally with a desire to fill their purses, and Heaven with Christians, in their gross and wicked superstition blending celestial and terrestrial things,—cruelty under the mask of apparent humanity,—and an indulgence of the most shameful passions with pretended piety. At this period, about the conclusion of the fifth century, and the commencement of the sixth, we find that all who

who did not profess the Christian faith, were considered as creatures rejected by God, and destined to eternal torments.—Upon this principle it was held both pious and praiseworthy to persecute these unfortunate beings, to drag them into slavery, and to force them to embrace the doctrines of Christianity, of which they neither understood the tenets nor had even heard the name. Thus we find men of the most distinguished talents and capable of the greatest exertions, degrading themselves by the most abominable actions, and uniting in the same person the hero and the robber;—exact in their prayers, and with the name of God on their lips, defiling their hands with murder.

Surely it might have occurred to the first conquerors of America, that it was unjust to make war against a people who had never injured them, and whose greatest crime,

crime, but far greater misfortune, was never having been taught they had a blessed Mediator. Might it not have been expected that the voice of conscience would have stopped the progress of these *pretenders* to Christianity?—for surely it could not fail to whisper the following questions to their hearts:—What crime have these unhappy people committed, that you are preparing to shed their blood?—What offence have they given your king—or what injury have they done your country?—Are they not men because they are not Christians?—Behold if they do not bear the form of man;—examine their features, and see if ye cannot trace a family resemblance, which bespeaks them children of the same great Parent?

When the wretched Indian humbles himself at your feet do ye not feel a palpitation at your heart? and doth not the voice

voice of nature exclaim, from the inmost recesses of your soul, "*'Tis your brethren whom ye thus degrade?*"—Christians, do ye dare name yourselves disciples of the blessed Jesus, whose doctrine breathed only benevolence and love? — Dare ye pretend to adore that merciful God who causeth his sun to shine on the virtuous and the wicked, and his rain to fall equally on the just and the unjust?—Think ye that if it was the will of the all powerful Creator to punish the involuntary ignorance of this people, that he would have required your assistance? — Would he have appointed *Christians* to become the murderers of their ignorant and more unfortunate brethren?—Surely not.—Go, therefore, and before ye pretend to convert others to Christianity by the sword, study the mild doctrine of that faith ye pretend to follow; which was not given to sow discord and murder

murder among men, but to spread peace and harmony.

To reclaim our fellow creatures from error, and lead them into the way of Salvation, is surely a great and praise-worthy endeavour; but harsh and cruel measures are ill calculated to effect that purpose. Example is ever stronger than precept, and to love the doctrine it is necessary to respect the teacher.—Carefully avoid, my young friends, the fiery zealot, whose vociferous voice and inflated action impress his hearers with astonishment and dread, rather than his words with conviction.—True devotion is mild, and the doctrine of our Blessed Saviour so beautifully simple and sublimely energetic, that no pomposity of words, or violence of action are necessary to impress it on the heart; let it not therefore be disguised by the rant of enthusiasm, or disgraced by affectation, but endeavour

to offer to God prayers arising from a contrite spirit, and a pure unsophisticated heart. Love all mankind, teach all, as far as may be in your power, but neither persecute, condemn, or ridicule any one for his opinion; for nothing can be more illiberal, than treating any religion with contempt. Be it what it may, if it affords consolation to its followers, incites them to the practice of virtue, and inspires them with the hope of a happy futurity, it is surely respectable; and compassion is the only sentiment we should yield to, on considering our friend's errors, and if it be possible to lead him from them, I repeat, let it be by the superiority of our own example.

To give an instance of the hateful spirit of persecution, Dr. Sharp, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, relates the following anecdote:—"I remember, in the year 1588, the Queen, (Elizabeth) lying

one

one night in her camp at Tilbury, guarded by her army, the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl of Leicester the examination of a Spanish commander named Don Pedro, who had been taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, and which examination the Earl afterwards delivered to me, to publish to the army in my next discourse. The sum of it was this—Don Pedro being asked by the Lords what was the intent of the Spaniards coming, bluntly replied,—"To subdue your nation, and root it out."

"Good," said the Lords, "but what meant you then to do with the Catholics?" "We meant to send them, good men, to Heaven," answered he, "and all you that are heretics, to Hell."

"Well but" said the Lords, "what meant you to do with your whips of cord

and wire, whereof you had such great store in your ships?"—"We meant to whip you heretics to death, who have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonour to our catholic king and country."

"But what would you have done with the children?" demanded the Lords.—"Those who were above seven years old should have followed their fathers; the rest should have lived, branded with the letter L. for Lutheran, in the forehead, and been doomed to perpetual bondage."

Humanity would lead us to think this account exaggerated, did not Dr. Sharp conclude it with the following asseveration,—"This account I take God to witness, I received of those great Lords upon examination taken by the council, and by their commandment I delivered it to the army."

To

To illustrate that violence and severity are ever detrimental to the cause of religion, I shall relate a circumstance which took place in America, about the year 1742, between a Christian Missionary and an Indian Chief; the former of whom began his sacred mission by impudently and violently declaiming against all their customs and opinions, instead of following the dictates of his divine Master, and enforcing his faith by gentleness and example. It was the custom of the savages of America, in the province of Georgia, when they lost a father, brother, or friend, to bury with him all he possessed while living, as his axe, his gun, and his kettle; as when his hands had no longer power to shoot, or his mouth to feed, they were useless.

This custom, however absurd, was too much strengthened by time to be easily

 surmounted;

surmounted; and the missionary should have been well informed of their motives before he presumed to censure it as senseless, ridiculous, and abominable. He began by a violent declamation against their wilful blindness and folly, in supposing burial necessary to weapons made with human hands; because it was so to that body which was not only made by immortal skill, but also bore the express image of the divine Maker, and was itself designed to enjoy immortality. Enlarging on this subject with great pomposity of words, with elevated brows, marking pride at his own superiority, and shrugs of contemptuous pity for the savages, the teacher at length concluded, and casting round a triumphant glance, appeared to await for marks of general approbation.

An Indian chief, who during the discourse had sat with his eyes fixed upon the

the earth, on his being silent got up, and beckoning his friends thus addressed them:—"Our customs, brothers, delivered to us from the lips of our fathers, as they were received by them from their's, need no defence, we will preserve them inviolate; you know their worth, and are aware of the reverence in which you are to hold them, not as the traditions only of others, but as opinions conducive to the general good.—These Christians appear hasty to condemn, they argue on false principles, and overpower us with a doctrine whose tenets we cannot comprehend, because never properly explained. Their conquests among our kindred nations are a proof of their power, but no motive for us to love them;—the lion cannot teach the elk to enter into his pursuits, for the great Spirit hath differently oganized them.—But enough, you want no instruction on this subject; this young teacher appears to

need much, and, with your consent, I will bestow it upon him."

So saying, he turned from his countrymen and addressed the missionary to the following purport:—"Rash young man, you have convinced us you have much to learn, how dare you then attempt to teach? Why urge you against us, even to our faces, things which ourselves *must*, and you *ought* to know are false.—We hope you rather ignorant than dishonest, and are willing to believe you know no better than your speech declares.—Let me then inform you that our principles are these:—We hold that man shall live again when dead, and so do you, in this we differ not; but, young man, it is not for that we bury him—He who can give life to the dead, can as well do it to their atoms, scattered upon the face of the whole world, as to their mouldering dust when collected together.

gether. "'Tis not then for this, but for ourselves, that we bury him, to bury the remembrance of the loss of what we loved. We bury with him his utensils of life which he then wants no more.—You say we bury these that they may live again and serve their master as before—but you accuse us falsely;—these things shall live no more, their time of perishing shall come like our's, but they shall never be renewed again.—Would'st thou know why we bury them thus with their master, I inform thee it is for love and charity.—An axe, a gun, and a few more implements are all we want to render life happy to us—and they are all our riches; were these to descend to the relations of the dying man, who knows but the desire of possessing things so valuable might entice the heir to parricide? he might wish for, or hasten the death of one whose property he desired to possess, and instead of endeavouring to prolong his

life, try to destroy it.—This error our fathers have wisely taught us to guard against, by determining the loss of all possessions with the possessor's life; so that even the most unworthy can have no temptation to wish for the death of those from whom no one can be a gainer."

Thus speaking, the Indian concluded, and the missionary retired in silence; when the chief turning to his countrymen received their warmest congratulations, to which he modestly replied,—"I have only done my duty.—It is not that I am better than that man, but our customs are so."

For such characters, it may be easily surmised violence and invective at once strengthened them in error; — mildness scarcely ever fails of its effect, and like the dropping of water on marble, in time will leave an impression. To point out their errors

errors was no doubt necessary, but a wise and good teacher would at the same time have been careful to conciliate their affections; so that from respecting himself, he might have led them to love his God, and to say, in the words of Ruth, "Thy people shall be our people, and thy God our God."

I think I cannot conclude this chapter better than in the words of Ignatius Sancho, an enlightened African, and who, though in humble life, affords an ample proof that talents and probity are not confined to complexion or climate:—"When will the happy period arrive that the sons of mortality may greet each other with the joyful news that sin, pain, sorrow, and death are no more?—Skies without clouds, earth without crimes, life without death, world without end!—Peace, bliss, and harmony, where the Lord God—all in all—King of kings—Lord of lords reigneth.

reigneth omnipotent, for ever and for ever! May you, and all I love, yea the whole race of Adam, join with my unworthy weak self in the stupendous, astonishing, soul-cheering hallelujahs—where charity may be swallowed up in love—hope in bliss—and faith in glorious certainty!—We will mix with all countries, colours, and faiths,—see the countless multitudes of the first world—the myriads descended from the ark—the patriarchs, sages, prophets, and heroes. My head turns round at the vast idea!—We will mingle with them and try to untwist the vast chain of blessed Providence, which puzzles and baffles human understanding."

ON

ON GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY does not consist in a contempt of money—in throwing it away at random, without judgment or distinction; but in a right distribution to proper objects, in proportion to the merit, the circumstances, the rank and condition of those who stand in need of our assistance. To be able to reward worth, to redress the injured, to relieve the oppressed, to raise the modest, to humble the insolent, is surely a blessing almost beyond human estimation; as, on the contrary, to meet with a deserving object, without the power

being destitute of even the common necessaries of life. One day that the few friends who still shared his fortune had quitted the castle in search of food, a beggar came to the gate and entreated relief for the love God. A single loaf alone remained in the castle, a recruit of provisions was uncertain, yet this noble minded and pious king, breaking the bread in half gave a moiety to the suppliant, saying to his queen, who remonstrated with him on the imprudence of parting with any of their small store,—"God forbid that we should deny our fellow Christian bread; he who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can surely support us till some relief arrives." His words were prophetic, his friends returned much sooner than they were expected with a plentiful store of provisions.

Noble

Noble actions performed by distinguished persons are seldom forgotten; they dignify greatness, command respect, create love, and render obedience pleasure. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the first, walking one morning in the environs of Exeter, slightly attended, found her attention and humanity excited by the cries of sorrow and distress, which proceeded from a poor cottage that she was passing. Inquiring the cause, she was informed that they were occasioned by the grief of a mother, who was lamenting over her daughter, who had lain in great extremity of pain for two days, without other nourishment than a small portion of bread and water.—Ordering the woman to be called, the queen had immediate recourse to her pocket, but found, to her great vexation, that she had left her purse at home; on which she hastily took a gold chain from her neck, to which hung a cross, and dropping

dropping the latter in her bosom, she presented the ornament to the woman, bidding her hasten into the town, sell it to a goldsmith, and provide what was necessary for her sick daughter.

To refer to holy writ, how beautifully does Job describe his conduct in the days of his prosperity:—"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me;—and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.—Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widows heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;—I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did I not weep for him that was in trouble?—Was not my soul grieved for the poor?—Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know

know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man servant, or of my maid servant, when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up; and when he visiteth me what shall I answer him?—Did not he that made me in the womb make him?—And did not one fashion us in the womb?—If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail,—or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof;—if I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering,—if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep,—if I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate,—then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found

found him (neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse on his soul). The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain;—if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

There are few people so cramped in their circumstances but they may be useful to their fellow creatures without injuring themselves or their families. For example, to lay aside a certain proportion, however small, of their income, for the use of the poor; to sacrifice some party of pleasure, or useless piece of dress, for their benefit, would surely be a praiseworthy act, and meet with its deserved reward, if we believe the words of Solomon, that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

ON CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE, AND THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

AS I judge all my youthful readers are acquainted with the history of their own country, none of them, I think, can have forgotten the memorable death of the Earl of Stafford, who fell a sacrifice to his attachment to his royal master, Charles the First. His trial took place in May, 1641, when the allegations of his enemies prevailed, and the King was pressed to sign a warrant for his execution; his affection, however, for a faithful minister, made him loath to consent, he had, also,

also, before pledged his word to Stafford that the parliament should not injure him. In this dilemma he received a letter from the Earl, in which he generously entreated that his life might be made the sacrifice of a mutual reconciliation between the king and his subjects. Pressed by the clamours of the people, the king at length yielded; though he could not resolve to sign the fatal warrant with his own hand, but employed commissioners for that purpose.

The Earl of Stafford received this news with great resolution, the only words which escaped him being—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

Sensible there was no avoiding the power of his enemies, Stafford prepared for death, and in a letter to his son, dated from the Tower, evinces at once his piety, resignation,

resignation, parental affection, and loyalty, for no complaint against his royal master escapes him; and as I judge it may not be unpleasant to some of my readers, I shall subjoin it.——

"11th of May, 1641.

"My dear Son,

"THESE are the last lines "that you are to receive from a father "who tenderly loves you.—I wish there "were a greater leisure to impart my mind "unto you, but our merciful God will "supply all things by his grace, and guide "and protect you in all your ways—to "whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; "and, therefore, be not discouraged, but "serve him, and he will preserve and pros- "per you in all things.

"Be sure you pay all respect to my "wife, who hath ever had a great love

"unto

" unto you.—Never be wanting in your
" love and care to your sisters, but let
" them ever be dear unto you; it is a duty
" that you owe to the memory of your ex-
" cellent mother and myself, therefore
" your care and affection for them must be
" the very same that you are to have of
" yourself—and the like regard must you
" have for your youngest sister, for indeed
" you owe it her also, both for her father
" and mother's sake.

" Dear son, be careful to take the ad-
" vice of those friends which are by me
" desired to advise you respecting your
" education.—Serve God diligently morn-
" ing and evening, recommend yourself
" unto him, and have him before your eyes
" in all your ways. With patience hear
" the instructions of those friends I leave
" with you, and follow their counsel; for
" till time hath given you experience in the
" world,

" world, it will be far more safe to trust to
" their judgment than to your own.

" Lose not the time of your youth,
" but gather those seeds of virtue and
" knowledge, which may be of use to
" yourself, and comfort to your friends, for
" the rest of your life; and that this may
" be the better effected, attend thereunto
" with patience, and be sure to correct and
" restrain yourself from anger. Suffer not
" sorrow to cast you down, but with
" cheerfulness and good courage go on
" the race you have to run in all sobriety
" and truth. Be sure with hallowed care
" to have respect to all the command-
" ments of God, and give not yourself to
" neglect them in the least thing, lest by
" degrees you come to forget them in the
" greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful
" above all things. In all your duties and
" devotions towards God, rather perform

" them joyfully than pensively, for God
" loves a cheerful giver. For your reli-
" gion, let it be directed according to that
" which shall be taught by those which are
" in God's church, and who are, therefore,
" the proper teachers, rather than that you
" either fancy to yourself, or be led by
" men who are singular in their own opi-
" nions, and delight to go ways of their
" own finding out; for you will certainly
" find soberness and truth in the one, and
" much unsteadiness and vanity in the
" other.

" The King, I trust, will deal graciously
" by you, and restore you to those honours
" and that fortune which a distempered
" time has deprived you of, together with
" the life of your father; and which I ra-
" ther advise might be by a new gift and
" creation from himself, than by any other
" means, to the end that you may owe the
" thanks

" thanks to him, without having obligation
" to any other.

" Be sure to avoid as much as you can
" to inquire after those who have been
" sharp in their judgment towards me, and
" I charge you never to suffer the thoughts
" of revenge to enter your heart. Be
" careful to be informed who were my
" friends in this prosecution, and to them
" apply yourself to make them your friends
" also; for on such you may rely, and
" bestow much of your conversation among
" them. God Almighty of his infinite
" goodness bless you and your children's
" children; and his same goodness bless
" your sisters in like manner—perfect you
" in every good work, and give you right
" understanding in all things.—Amen.

" Your most loving father.

"Do not fail to behave yourself with "duty and observance to your grand- "mother, Lady Clare; she loves you ten- "derly and hath been kind to me,—God "reward her charity for it. And both in "this, and all the rest, the same that I "counsel you, the same do I direct also "unto your sisters; that so the same may "be observed by you all; and once more "do I, from my very soul, beseech our "gracious God to bless and govern you in "all, to the saving you in the day of his "visitation, and join us again in the com- "munion of his blessed saints, where is "fullness of joy and bliss for evermore.

"Amen, Amen."

The resignation and exemplary advice which flows throughout the above letter renders it worthy of being handed down to posterity. Piety can alone bestow true fortitude under affliction, it teaches its possessor

possessor to look beyond the narrow limits of this world, and even on earth gives a foretaste of Heaven.

Lady Russel, in the reign of Charles the second, furnishes us with another example, in a letter which she wrote to Dr. Fitzwilliam two months after the execution of her husband, that resignation and fortitude are the gifts of God alone, who supported her through sorrows that might, even on recapitulation, force tears from the hardest heart, and whose parting from her Lord has furnished so many painters with a distressing subject of domestic sorrow. Some few days after the death of her husband, even when she was, as she energetically expresses herself, "amazed with grief," she wrote to the King, to clear the fame of her beloved lord, and convince him of his honour and loyalty. The letter, however, I allude to is of a different kind, and pre-

"Lord let me understand the reason of
"these dark and wounding Providences,
"that I sink not under the discourage-
"ment of my own thoughts.—I know I
"have deserved my punishment, and will
"be silent under it,—but yet secretly my
"heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot
"be comforted, because I have not the
"dear companion and sharer of all my
"joys and sorrows.—I want him to talk
"with, to walk with, to eat and sleep
"with; all these things are irksome to me
"now,—the day unwelcome, the night so
"too,—all company and meals I would
"avoid if it might be;—yet all this is, that
"I enjoy not the world in my own way and
"this hinders my comfort. When I see
"my children before me, I remember the
"pleasure he took in them, and this makes
"me shrink.—Can I regret his quitting a
"lesser good for a greater?—O! if I did
"steadfastly believe, I could not be de-

"jected,

"jected, for I will not injure myself to say,
"I offer my mind any inferior consolation
"to supply this loss. No, I most willingly
"forsake this world, this vexatious trou-
"blesome world, in which I have no
"other business but to rid my soul from
"sin,—secure by faith and a good con-
"science my eternal interests,—with pa-
"tience and courage bear my eminent
"misfortunes, and ever after be above the
"smiles and frowns of it;—and when I
"have done the remnant of my work ap-
"pointed me on earth, then joyfully wait
"for the Heavenly perfection in God's
"good time, when, by his infinite mercy,
"I may be accounted worthy to enter into
"the same place of rest and repose, where
"he is gone for whom only I grieve.—
"From that contemplation must come my
"best support.—Good Doctor, you will
"think, as you have reason, that I set no
"bounds when I let myself loose to my

"complaints,—but I will release you, first "fervently asking the countenance of your "prayers for your infinitely afflicted, but "very faithful servant."

In a letter dated a year after (1684), and addressed to the same person, we find the excellent Lady Russel strengthened in her faith, although her mind still returns to the lost object of her youthful affections.—A passage from it runs thus :——

"The future part of my life will not, I "expect, pass, as, perhaps, I would just "choose. Sense has been long enough "gratified, indeed, so long, that I know "not how to live by faith, yet the pleasant "stream which fed it near fourteen years "together* being gone, I have no sort of "refreshment, but when I can repair to "that living fountain from whence all "flows;

* The time she lived with her lord.

"flows; while I look not at the things
"which are seen, but at those which are
"not seen, expecting that day which will
"settle and compose all my tumultuous
"thoughts in peace and quiet. — Time
"runs on, and usually wears off some of
"that sharpness of thought inseparable with
"my circumstances; but I cannot expe-
"rience such an effect, every week making
"me more and more sensible of the mi-
"serable change in my condition. But the
"same merciful hand which has held me
"up from sinking in the extremest ca-
"lamities, will, I verily believe, do so still,
"that I faint not to the end of this sharp
"conflict, nor add sin to my grievous
"weight of sorrows, by too high a dis-
"content, which is all I have now to
"fear———"

In a third letter, dated 1685, we find Lady Russel reverting less to her sorrows, and

and more to the mercy of God.—This letter is also addressed to her pious friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam :——

"Now I know where to find you, "good Doctor, you may be sure to hear "from her who is still not ashamed to be "on the receiving hand with you. God "hath given you the abilities and oppor- "tunity for it, and not to me; and what "am I, that I should say—Why is it not "otherwise?—No, I do not, nor do I "grudge or envy you the pious and inge- "nious pleasure you have in it; my part "in this world is of another nature, and I "thank you, Sir, (but God must give you "the recompence.) You instruct me ad- "mirably how to overcome, that I may "once make application of that text, "Rev. iii. verse 12*, and raise such hopes

"as

* "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and

" cannot miscarry.—The great thing is to
" acquiesce with all one's heart to the
" good pleasure of God, who will prove us
" by the ways and dispensations he sees
" best, and when he will break us to pieces,
" we must be broken.—Who can tell his
" works from the beginning to the end?—
" But who can praise his mercies more than
" wretched I, whom he has not cut off in
" his anger?—who has taken his chas-
" tisements so heavily, not weighing his
" mercies in the midst of his judgments!—
" The stroke was of the fiercest kind; but
" had I not then a reasonable ground to
" hope, that what I loved as I did my own
" soul, was raised from a prison to a
" throne?—Was I not enabled to conceal
" my own sorrow, that I increased not his
" sufferings by seeing mine?—How were
" my

and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name."

" my sinking spirits supported by the early
" compassion of excellent and wise Chris-
" tians, without ceasing admonishing me
" of my duty, instructing, reproving, and
" comforting me!—You know, Doctor,
" that I was not destitute; and I must ac-
" knowledge that many others, like your-
" self, with devout zeal and great charity,
" contributed to the gathering together
" my scattered spirits, and then subjecting
" them by reason, to such a submission as I
" could obtain under so heavy a calamity.
" And further, he has spared me hitherto
" the children of so excellent a friend,
" giving them hopeful understandings, and
" tractable and sweet dispositions—spared
" my life in usefulness, I trust, to them,
" and being I am to linger in a world I
" can no more delight in, has given me a
" freedom from bodily pain to a degree I
" almost never knew;—not so much as a
" strong fit of the head-ach have I felt

" since,

"since that miserable time, though I "used to be tormented with it very fre- "quently. This calls for praises my dead "heart is not exercised in, but I hope this "is my infirmity, and I bewail it. He that "took our nature, and felt our infirmities, "knows the weakness of my person and "the sharpness of my sorrows, &c. &c."

Speaking of religion, and the natural love of life, this excellent woman observes:

"It does not shut us from sorrow nor "direct us to insensibility, but to a quiet "submission to the will of God; my life "has been so imbittered that it is now a "very poor thing to me, yet I find myself "careful enough of it. I think I am use- "ful to my children, and would endure "hard things for them till they can do for "themselves;—but, alas, I am apt to con- "clude if I had not that, yet I should still "find

"find out some reason to be content to
"live, though I am weary of every thing,
"and of the folly, the vanity, the madness
"of man most of all.

"There is a shrinking from the sepa-
"ration of the soul from the body that is
"implanted in our nature, which enforces
"us to conserve life; and it is a wise
"Providence,—for who would else endure
"much evil that is not taught the great
"advantages of patient suffering? &c. &c."

In a letter written to Dr. Fitzwilliam, nine years after Lord Russel's death, the same resignation is still apparent:——

"I received your's the 18th of this
"lamentable month, the very day of that
"hard sentence pronounced against my
"dear friend and husband;—it was the
"Fast-day, and so I had the opportunity
"of

" of retiring without any one taking notice
" of it, which pleases me best.—What
" shall I say, Doctor? That I do live by
" your rules?—No, I should lie.—I bless
" God, it has long been my purpose, with
" some endeavour, through mercy, to do
" it. I hope I may conclude I grieve with-
" out sinning; yet I cannot attain to that
" love of God, and submission to all his
" Providences, that I can rejoice in. How-
" ever, I bless him for his infinite mercy,
" in a support that is not wrought from the
" world, though my heart is too much
" bound up in the blessings I have yet left,
" and I hope chiefly, he has enabled me
" to rejoice in him as my everlasting por-
" tion, and in the assured hope of good
" things in the other world.

" Good Doctor we are travelling the
" same way, and hope, through mercy, to
" meet at the same happy end of all our
" labours

" labours here, in an eternal rest; and it " is of great advantage to that attainment, " communicating pious thoughts to each " other—nothing on this side Heaven goes " so near it, and being where God is, it is " Heaven. If he be in our hearts, there " will be peace and satisfaction, when one " recollects the happiness of such a state, " which, if my heart deceives me not, I " hope is mine; and I will try to expe- " rience more and more that blessed pro- " mise,—" Come unto me all ye that are " heavy laden and I will give you ease."

The words of the scripture were truly verified in Lady Russel,—" Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, &c." for she endured repeated and heart-rending sorrows.—Her husband snatched from her by a violent and untimely death, many of her nearest connections died before her, and, last of all, she lost her only son, Wrothesly, Duke

Duke of Bedford, who died of the small pox in May, 1711, in the thirty-first year of his age. In one of her letters on this event, great as we may judge her grief to have been, yet Christian resignation tempers the blow, for she thus expresses herself:——

"I did not know the greatness of my "love to his person till I could see it no "more.—When nature, who will be mis-"tress, has in some measure, with time "relieved herself, then, and not till then, "I trust the goodness which hath no "bounds, and whose power is irresistible, "will assist me by his grace to rest con-"tented with what his unerring Providence "has appointed and permitted. And I "shall feel ease in this contemplation, that "there was nothing uncomfortable in his "death but the losing him, for his God

"was,

"was, I verily believe, ever in his "thoughts, &c."

To a spirit tempered with pious resignation and Christian fortitude, the evils of the world lose half their bitterness, for, according to St. Paul,—"Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Though I have dwelt thus long upon Christian fortitude and the consolations of

a.

a religious life, I cannot quit the subject without another instance of their power and efficacy, and which is fully proved by two letters written by Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, and found in her cabinet after her decease.—But as some account of the writer may not be unpleasant to my youthful readers, I shall give it in few words.

This lady was the daughter of a Mr. Singer, and born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire.—She was early initiated into the principles of religion; and fond of painting and music,—but her leading taste was poetry.—After publishing a collection of her poems, she, at the request of Bishop Ken, wrote a paraphrase on the 38th chapter of Job.—In the year 1710 she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, a gentleman of a disposition similar to her own, and equally engaged in literary pursuits; but who, from intense study, fell into a consumption,

sumption, and died 1715. After his death Mrs. Rowe retired to Frome, in Somersetshire, where she indulged her inclination for solitude. She wrote an elegy on the death of her husband, a work called Friendship in Death, and Letters Moral and Entertaining. In 1736 she published a poem, called The History of Joseph, written in her younger days, and which publication she did not long survive, for she died of an apoplexy, in February, 1737. In her cabinet were found several letters directed to her friends, to be delivered after her decease, which plainly shews it was an event she expected.

The Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, agreeable to her request, revised and published her devotions in the same year, under the title of Devout Exercises. Among the letters I before alluded to, was one addressed to

her

her mother, and another to the Countess of Hartford.—The first was as follows:—

" Madam,

" I am now taking my final " adieu of this world, in certain hopes of " meeting you in the next.—I carry to the " grave my affection and duty to you.—I " leave you with the sincerest concern " for your happiness and the welfare of " your family.—May my prayers be an- " swered when I am sleeping in the dust! " —May the angels of God conduct you " in the paths of immortal pleasure!

" I would collect the powers of my " soul, and ask blessings for you with all " the holy violence of prayer.—God Al- " mighty, the God of your pious ancestors, " bless you.—It is but a short space I have " to measure.—My shadows are length- " ening, and my sun declining; that good-

" ness

" ness which has hitherto conducted me
" will not fail me in the last concluding
" act of life; that name which I have made
" my glory and my boast, shall then be my
" strength and my salvation,

" To meet death with a becoming for-
" titude, is a part above the powers of
" nature, and which I can perform by no
" power or holiness of my own;—for, oh!
" in my best estate, I am altogether vanity,
" a wretched helpless sinner;—but in the
" merits and perfect righteousness of God
" my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at
" the supreme tribunal, where I must
" shortly stand to be judged.

" &c. &c. &c."

The second letter, addressed to the Countess of Hartford, runs as follows,—

" Madam,

"Madam,

"This is the last letter you "will ever receive from me,—the last "assurance I shall give you on earth of "a sincere and steady friendship; but when "we meet again, I hope it will be in the "heights of immortal love & ecstasy. Mine, "perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to "congratulate your safe arrival on the "happy shores. Heaven can witness how "sincere is my concern for your happiness; "thither I have sent my ardent wishes that "you may be secured from the flattering "delusions of the world, and after your "pious example has been long a blessing "to mankind, may you calmly resign your "breath, and enter the confines of un-"molested joy!

"I am now taking my farewel of you "here; but it is a short adieu, for I die with "full persuasion that we shall meet again.

" But, O! in what elevation of happiness!
" in what enlargement of mind and per-
" fection of every faculty!—What trans-
" porting reflections shall we make on the
" advantages of which we feel ourselves
" eternally possessed.

" To him that loved us and washed us
" from our sins in his own blood, we shall
" ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and
" praise for ever.—This is all my salvation
" and all my hope. That name in whom
" the gentiles trust, in whom all the fami-
" lies on earth are blessed, is now my
" glory, my unfailing confidence; in his
" merits I alone expect to stand justified
" before infinite purity and justice. How
" poor were my hopes, if I depended on
" those works, which my own vanity, or
" the partiality of men, have called good,
" and which, if examined by Divine pu-
" rity, would prove, perhaps, but specious
" sins.

"sins. The best actions of my life would
"be found defective, if brought to the
"test of that unblemished holiness in
"whose sight the Heavens are not clean.
"Where were my hopes but for a Re-
"deemer's merits and atonement?—
"How desperate—how undone my con-
"dition?—With the utmost advantage I
"can boast, I should start back and
"tremble at the thoughts of appearing
"before the unblemished Majesty.—O!
"Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name!
"Celestial joy and immortal life are in the
"sound.—Let angels tune to thee their
"golden harps—let the ransomed nations
"for ever magnify thee!

"What a dream is mortal life!—What
"shadows are the objects of sense!—All
"the glories of mortality, my much be-
"loved friend, will be nothing in your
"view at the aweful hour of death, when

" you must be separated from the whole " creation, and enter upon the borders of " the immaterial world.

" Something persuades me that this " will be my last farewel in this world.— " Heaven forbid that it should be an ever- " lasting parting!—May that Divine pro- " tection, whose care I implore, keep you " steadfast in the faith of Christianity, and " guide your steps in the strictest paths of " virtue! Adieu, my most dear friend, " till we meet in the paradise of God.

" ELIZABETH ROWE."

The poetical genius of Mrs. Rowe is to be traced through all her writings, and gave even to her prose all the energy of poetry; which, however we may admire on a cursory view, we cannot but allow with Dr. Jonhson to be superfluous, as religion

can

can receive no adornment from poetical imagery.

"Contemplative piety," observes that elegant writer, "or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical: — Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

"The essence of poetry is invention, such invention, as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but such as they are they can be made no more,—they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

"Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than the things

themselves afford. The effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel the imagination;—but religion must be shewn as it is—suppression and addition equally corrupt it—and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted,—infinity cannot be amplified,—perfection cannot be improved. The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed

addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the judge, is not at leisure for cadence and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

"Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found, that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful;—but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to mag-

nify by a concave mirror the Sideral Hemisphere."

Notwithstanding this digression, much must be allowed for natural disposition, education, and early habits.—Mrs. Rowe's thoughts were evidently raised above the world; she had been pious from her infancy, and died with that entire dependance on the merits and mercy of her Redeemer, which ever attends Christian fortitude.

ON

ON GRATITUDE.

IN your journey through life, my young friends, never contract friendship nor intimacy, with a person whom you know to have been guilty of an ungrateful action, as you may be assured their hearts are more than commonly corrupt; for there is an innate satisfaction arising from gratitude, that a just mind will ever be eager to enjoy.

To be enabled to return a noble or generous action, must naturally produce the most pleasing sensations; or if we have it

not in our power to return them, do we not naturally feel an affection for those to whom we are obliged, and ardently wish for some means to testify our sentiments on the occasion?

If we owe gratitude for the common friendly offices of life, what do we not owe to the parents who gave us being,—who nurtured our infancy, and provided for our riper years? The vast debt can never be repaid, but proper interest may surely be tendered—the just claim of affection, obedience, and duty. How frequently do we hear of young people, who having attained what *they* think the period of judging for themselves, behave with the grossest ingratitude, by acting diametrically opposite to what their parents would advise; for good parents will only advise, and consulting the welfare of their children, direct them, according to their judgment, for

the best. Let such children ask their own hearts, should *they* hereafter live to be parents, whether they should like a return in kind? when, after having cherished a darling infant for years, till they begin to look for a reward to their cares, by the name of friend being united to that of child, they should suddenly find them revolt from their duty, and prefer the counsel of interested advisers to their own; until with base ingratitude they stab the maternal bosom from whence they received life and nourishment,—fix worse than a serpent's sting in the heart of a father, and finally plunge themselves in ruin.—May not such a child, in justice, by Divine retribution, expect to give birth to one, in the words of Lear,——

"——So perverse of spirit, that it may live
Her torment, as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
With constant tears, and wrinkle her young brow,
Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn;

That

That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!——"

SHAKESPEAR.

If gratitude is due from children to parents, and from man to man, how much more is it yet due to God, who confers upon us every good and blessing we enjoy.

Infidels, and even the most unenlightened nations, are not insensible to the sentiments of gratitude, and I was pleased some time since on reading the following anecdote, well authenticated :——

"The Bey of Constantine*, among the number of his slaves, had a Neapolitan surgeon, of whom he made little account; till being severely afflicted with a cancer in his face, and despairing of a cure, he consulted him respecting it.—The surgeon examined

* Anciently Cirta, and the residence of the Numidian kings.

examined the wound and found it dangerous, but was not disheartened, and replied to the Bey in the following terms:—"With the assistance of the God I serve, I will undertake the cure;—if I fail, I know I shall be put to death, but I shall die in the performance of my duty, and he will support me under it.—If I am successful, it will be his hand, not mine, therefore I shall make no conditions with the Bey, my master."

"The Bey put himself immediately under his care, and he was fortunately successful; for the cure was perfected even in a much shorter time than he expected.—For this service the Bey gave him his liberty, but retained him at his court by repeated acts of kindness for a considerable time. At length the Neapolitan testified a strong desire of returning to his native country, where he had left his wife and children;

children;—the Bey listened to his request in silence, but appeared deeply interested by it, and after a time replied,—"Thou art free—though thy request gives me great uneasiness; but promise me to return in a year—bring thy wife and children with thee, that thou may'st remain in peace in my court.—I wish to be thy friend, and in me thy children shall find the affection of a father; for I cannot do less for the man who relieved me from a malady more painful than death itself."

"The surgeon promised obedience;—the Bey loaded him with presents, and at his request gave freedom to two Italian slaves, that they might attend him during his journey.—He then recommended him, as his son, to the African company, and embracing him with his eyes bathed in tears, said,—"Go and see thy family—go and see thy king, and tell them in what manner

manner thou hast been treated by a prince whom thy nation calls a barbarian."

To give a second instance of gratitude among infidels, we are informed, that—"In the year 1698, Topal Osman, a young man who had been bred in the palace at Constantinople, was sent with dispatches to the Bashaw, at Cairo. Being afraid of the Arabs, he embarked at Said, in a vessel bound to Damietta, in which voyage the Turkish vessel was attacked by a Spanish privateer, and, after a very gallant resistance forced to surrender.

"Osman was dangerously wounded, both in the arm and thigh, in which state he was carried to Malta, where the privateer put in to refit.

"Vincent D'Arnaud, a Frenchman, was then commander at the port of Malta, and,

and, as his duty required, went on board the vessel when she came into port. The conduct of Osman, who had defended the Turkish sloop till the last extremity, and had fallen covered with wounds, was related to him, and made him curious to see so brave a man. Osman's wounds were still dangerous; but fearful of his attempting to regain his freedom, he was chained and confined with the rest of the prisoners. D'Arnaud viewed him with attention, when Osman addressing him said bluntly,—"*Would you do a generous action ransom me;—hereafter I will repay you.*"

"The request struck D'Arnaud with surprise,—and interested by the appearance of Osman, and the account he had received of his bravery, he turned to the captain and asked what he required for the ransom of his prisoner?—The captain's demand

was

was six hundred sequins, which sum, though inconvenient to D'Arnaud, he soon after paid, and received the prisoner in return; whom he put immediately under the care of a skilful surgeon, who compleated his cure, though he ever after remained lame.

"Osman informed his benefactor, that if he doubted his honour, he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced, or otherwise depend on himself.—D'Arnaud chose the latter, and Osman's health being reinstated, he again sat out upon his voyage, and without accident reached Cairo. On his arrival he paid a thousand sequins to be remitted to D'Arnaud, together with some rich furs;—and having nobly recompenced the crew of the French vessel in which he sailed, and performed the orders of the sultan, he departed for Constantinople, and was the first

first who brought the intelligence of his slavery.

"The obligation Osman had received from D'Arnaud had made an impression never to be forgotten by a grateful mind; he did not for years cease to correspond with him, and at intervals sent him the most costly presents.

"A war breaking out between the Venetians and the Turks, in the year 1715, Osman was employed to force the Isthmus of Corinth, which he not only executed, but took the city by assault, for which he was rewarded by being made a bashaw; and on the ensuing year served as lieutenant general at the siege of Corfu, where his conduct raised him still higher in the public esteem.

"He

"In the year 1722 he was made general in chief, and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of different nations came to pay their respects to him in that quality, though he received all with politeness, he distinguished the French by the greatest respect. The audience over, addressing the last named, he said,—"You will oblige me by informing Vincent D'Arnaud, commander of the port at Malta, that my new dignity affords me the more pleasure as it enables me to testify my gratitude to him. As a pledge of our ancient friendship, let him intrust me with the care of his son, I will take his fortune upon myself."—D'Arnaud, informed of this request, sent his son into the Morea, where Osman furnished him with ample means to purchase merchandize, and granted him such privileges and immunities that he speedily made his fortune.

"The

"The political abilities of Osman still continued to raise him in the state,—in the year 1727 he was made governor of Romania, a trust of the greatest importance.

"In the year 1730 a great revolution happened at Constantinople, and in one year no less than three grand viziers lost their heads. In 1731 Osman was called from his government to fill this place, being the highest, next the sultan, in the empire. Having taken possession of his new dignity, he sent to inform D'Arnaud of his advancement; requesting, that with his son he would hasten to Constantinople; as the post of grand vizier was always precarious, and that while he *had* the power he wished to serve his friends. D'Arnaud and his son immediately left Malta and repaired to Constantinople, bringing with them twelve Turks whom they had ransomed from slavery, to present to the grand vizier.

vizier. Vincent D'Arnaud, now between seventy and eighty years of age, supported by his son, and followed by the liberated slaves, was brought before Osman, who received him with the utmost respect and affection, although he was seated in state, and attended by the first nobles in the empire.—"Wonder not," said he to the officers who surrounded him, "that I receive this Christian with such distinguished honour;—to him I am indebted for all I now enjoy. I was a slave, covered with wounds and loaded with chains, and unknown and unquestioned he redeemed me, though his generosity injured his fortune. He healed my wounds, and when I was able, he furnished me with a vessel in which I reached Damietta, from whence I sailed up the Nile to Cairo, and performed the duty with which the sultan had entrusted me. An acquaintance of thirty-two years has increased my respect and affection for him; and,

and, behold, he now insures his welcome by bringing with him twelve of my countrymen, redeemed, like myself, from misery and slavery!—Such are the claims of my Christian friend, from whom I could wish Mussulmen to take a lesson of humanity and generosity."

"While Osman thus addressed his officers, and the surrounding nobles, he held the elder D'Arnaud by the hand, and afterwards questioned him respecting his situation and pursuits, as also that of his son. The old man replied they were both prosperous, and principally so by the means with which he had furnished them;—on which Osman, crossing his hands on his bosom and bowing his head, in token of devout thanks, answered,—"*God is great, God is good!*"—He then gave D'Arnaud and his son in charge to his principal aga, commanding him to conduct them to the

apartments

apartments of his son, and to see they were attended with as much respect as himself.—They soon after left Constantinople, loaded with the most magnificent proofs of the friendship and generosity of the vizier, who did not part from them without tears,—yet this man was an Infidel!—but as he wished his countrymen to take a lesson of humanity and generosity from a Christian, so I wish my youthful readers to take a lesson of gratitude from this noble Infidel.

ON

ON SINCERITY.

SINCERITY consists of a simplicity of mind and manners in our conversation and conduct to each other;—a constant plainness and openness of behaviour, free from all false appearance and deceitful disguise, in either word or action. It is to speak as we think, to do as we profess, and to perform what we promise.—Not that we are obliged to tell our intentions or resolutions to every one, but we are not to declare any thing contrary to them; we may be silent, as prudence or reason requires, but we are not to make a false avowal, or profess what we never intend to perform.

Politeness

Politeness is due to every one, but those overstrained compliments which profess kindness and attachment to persons for whom, in reality, we have neither friendship, affection, nor esteem, are a species of despicable and mean falshood and flattery which honest integrity will ever avoid. Where truth is not at the bottom you must live in continual fear of detection, for no one loves to be an avowed liar—while on the contrary, truth is always consistent and easy, and needs no subterfuges to help it out; whereas a lie is always troublesome, and usually needs many more to give it the appearance of credibility.

The more a person is known for sincerity and integrity, the more he will be valued, for no one will fear to repose trust and confidence in him. Art and deception once discovered, even the worst characters will place no faith in a deceiver; for how-

ever erroneously men act themselves, they wish to employ and trust those on whom they can rely.

I have somewhere read that sincerity may be compared to travelling in a plain and beaten road, which is sure to lead us to our journey's end with safety and honour, though we should even meet some few crosses by the way.—Deceit, on the contrary, is a dirty by-way, which most frequently leads us into a labyrinth of trouble, in which the further we go, the more we are entangled, until we lose all sight of integrity and forfeit the esteem of good men for ever. Added to this, why should man by dissembling his judgment, or acting contrary to it, incur at once the displeasure of God, and the stings of his own conscience; especially if we consider that all dissimulation shall one day be made manifest,

manifest, and published before God, Angels, and men, to our everlasting shame and confusion.

Let us then endeavour to act in this world as we shall be glad to be found in that great and aweful day when all our pretences shall be examined, the closest hypocrisy laid open, the secrets of all hearts revealed, and when our thoughts, words, and actions shall be censured or applauded by the God of truth and justice.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

POPE observes, from Seneca, that, "Those who divide their lives between an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poisons in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, or filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled

gled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty."

I know not a more disgraceful vice than gluttony; it debases man to the level of a swine, absorbs every faculty of his mind, vitiates his blood, and renders him despicable in the opinion of all rational beings. Can any thing be more unnatural than a profuse mixture of opposite viands in the stomach, as fish, sauce, soup, meat, fowl, tarts, jelly, wine, ice, cakes, fruit, &c. Even the very idea is disgusting, and sickening to the imagination; and no doubt many of the maladies that strike at the very root of life are occasioned by the improper gratification of the appetite, for none but the strongest constitutions are able to shake off the oppressive load. A certain portion of good food is necessary to preserve health and support strength,

but the palled appetite of gluttony can alone demand so many provocatives.

For a moment consider the brutal picture of the voluptuary in his chamber—his stomach heaves, and in convulsive hiccoughs endeavours to relieve itself of its overgorged contents. His body burns, his eyes are inflamed, his cheeks are crimson, his lips are livid, and heavy and oppressive sleep overpowers him, until at length he tumbles, or rather wallows into bed to endeavour to snore away the fumes of his intemperance. They are not, however, to be so easily overcome, his sleep is unrefreshing and broken by hideous images and starts of horror.

"Dreams are from repletion bred,
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and of the family of red:—

Red

Red dragons, and red beasts in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguished by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double stings;
Choler, adust, congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear;
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With Rheums oppressed, we sink in rivers drown'd."

"We seem to run, but destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course;
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the fault'ring accents die."

DRYDEN.

Dr. Johnson observes in one of his letters, that—"Gluttony is a more despicable vice than even avarice," and continuing the subject thus expresses himself,—"Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if

once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation. A friend of mine, who courted a lady of whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat; and if she was voluptuous at table, to forsake her.—He married her, however, and in a few weeks came to his adviser with this exclamation,—'*It 'is the disturbance of my life to see this 'woman eat!*'—She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal, and after some years of discord they parted, and, I believe, came together no more.

"Of men the examples are sufficiently common. I have a friend of great eminence in the learned world, who had hung up some pots on his wall, to furnish nests for sparrows;—the poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard a man speak

speak of any future enjoyment with such contortions of delight as he exhibited when he talked of eating the young ones."

To turn from this disgusting picture to one equally brutal, consider the effects of wine, and it will surely act as a preservative against its immoderate use. Wine is undoubtedly necessary in many cases, as it acts as a cordial to man; but should ever be taken with caution, as too frequent use destroys all its salutary effects, and transforms a blessing into a curse. Men who accustom themselves to bewilder their brains with large potions of wine, may be accounted madmen, and should be held incapable of any great trust, and secured, to preserve themselves and others from danger,—for how frequently are the most dreadful actions the consequence of inebriety. I have read a legend of a hermit whom the devil tempted to commit some

heinous crime, and gave him the choice of three, murder, theft, or drunkenness; the hermit chose the latter as the least atrocious, but when once drunk, he readily committed the other two.

To quote from a higher and better authority, we find the following advice respecting moderation in eating and drinking, in the xxxist chapter of Ecclesiasticus, beginning at the 16th verse:—

"16. Eat as becometh a man those things which are set before thee; but devour not, lest thou be hated.

17. Leave off first for manners sake, and be not unsatiable lest thou offend.

18. When thou sittest among many, reach not thine hand out first of all.

19. A very little is sufficient for a man well nurtured, and he fetcheth not his wind short upon his bed.

20. Sound

20. Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating, he riseth early, and his wits are with him; but the pain of watching, and pangs of the belly, are with an unsatiable man."

Of wine we find as follows, beginning at the 25th verse:—

"25. Shew not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.

26. The furnace proveth the edge by dipping; so doth wine the hearts of the proud by drunkenness.

27. Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately. What life is then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad.

28. Wine measurably drunk, and in season, bringeth gladness of the heart, and cheerfulness of the mind.

29. But

29. But wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind, with brawling and quarrelling.

30. Drunkenness increaseth the rage of a fool till he offend; it diminisheth strength and maketh wounds.

31. Rebuke not thy neighbour at the wine, and despise him not in his mirth; give him no despiteful words, and press not upon him with urging him to drink."

ON SWEARING.

MOST other sins have for their object some pleasure or profit, but the heinous sin of Swearing has none, and is merely a wicked habit, the consequence of a deprav'd disposition. Some will alledge in excuse for taking the sacred name of God in vain, that they were provoked, or in a passion; but surely it is a poor excuse, that a bad cause should justify a bad effect, and that one crime should warrant another,—or, that what would destroy a good action, should excuse a bad one.

Sometimes this wicked custom proceeds from pride, and a tyrannical humour; sometimes

sometimes from wantonness and levity of mind.—Sometimes from stupid inadvertency or precipitancy, which leads men to speak without thought, or without considering the nature and consequence of their words.

Sometimes, yet more dreadful, it springs from profane boldness to put an affront on religion, to display their scorn at its dictates, and shew that they are not afraid of defying even Heaven itself.

Sometimes in weak minds it proceeds from apish imitation, or a humour to comply with a fashion current among vain and dissolute persons. It ever proceeds from a great defect of conscience, of reverence to God, of love to goodness, of discretion, and sober regard to the welfare of a man's soul.

Proceeding from such evidently vicious and unworthy sources, it must needs be grossly culpable; and no good or wise man can approve actions drawn from such principles.—It yields no sensible advantage, hath no strong temptation alluring to it, and may be easily avoided or corrected.

Swearing can neither render conversation pleasant nor improving; and if we believe the scriptures, that we are to render up to God an account of all our words and actions, how shall we answer using his ever blessed name in so light a manner? How can we pray to God for mercies, praise him for the benefits bestowed upon us, sit in his presence at church, or dare partake of the Holy Sacrament, with lips defiled by impious oaths, or with a heart guilty of such heinous disobedience?

To conclude a disagreeable and dreadful subject.—How frequently do we hear of sudden death; and how aweful the example to the survivors even when it falls on the most prepared and pious christians?—Yet how much more tremendous, when we hear of men momentarily snatched from time to eternity, with imprecations on their lips; and defying that God, without whose mercy they must inevitably perish for ever. Bold blasphemers, pause!—consider the enormity of your guilt and danger!—consider the bottomless gulph that yawns beneath your feet!—and you will surely turn from the broad road of destruction, and endeavour to save your souls alive.

ON PRIDE.

IN the historical part of the Bible how many instances do we find of God's confounding men who trusted in their own strength, their wishes, their power, and their wisdom.—He suffered the Egyptian, and other ancient monarchs, to increase to the highest degree of power, that they might be a scourge to the petty tyrants who ruled wickedly over other nations, and then, in the midst of their successes, cut off the sovereign tyrant himself, when his cruelties had exceeded a certain measure; and that in such a manner, that it could not be mistaken for any other cause, but plainly shewed that the punishment

ment came immediately from the hand of Almighty God.—Such was the destruction of Sennacherib's great army of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men, smote by the angel delegated for that purpose, in one night, as we read in the 2d book of Kings, and the 19th chapter.

Ninevah, the capital of the ancient city of Assyria, which was computed to be sixty miles round, and populous in proportion, was overthrown from the wickedness of its inhabitants by the king of Babylon; and in the reigns of his successors so irreparably ruined, that travellers were accustomed to ask, "Where stood the proud city of Ninevah?"

Again we read that Nebuchadnezzar, vainly elated with the successes which God had given him over the king of Egypt, attributed all to his own wisdom and strength;

strength; vaunting that the singular magnificence of his capitol was no more than what was due to his honour and majesty. Even while thus vain-gloriously boasting, he heard a voice from Heaven declaring to him the sudden judgments of God, that were on the point of falling on him; and which should last till he was truly sensible that it is not man, but the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whosoever he will.

The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men, and did eat grass, as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of Heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds claws.

In this state of humiliation Nebuchadnezzar remained till it pleased God to make him sensible of the enormity of his sin.

sin and vanity, which is thus expressed in the 4th chapter of Daniel, and the 34th, 35th, 36th, and 37th verses:—

"And at the end of the days, I Nebuchadnezzar lift up my eyes unto Heaven, and my understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever; whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation.

"And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?

"At the same time my reason returned unto me, and for the glory of my kingdom, mine

mine honour and brightness returned unto me, and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me.

"Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise, and extol, and honour the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment, and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

Notwithstanding this awful example, we find Belshazzar, son, or grandson, of Nebuchadnezzar, provoking the wrath of God, and sinning as greatly as his predecessor; until in the height of his mirth and vanity there came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

This

This writing, though unintelligible to the wise men of the kingdom, was fearful, and truly interpreted by the prophet Daniel.——

" God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

" Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.

" Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

This prediction was fulfilled the same night, Belshazzar being slain and his kingdom passing to Darius, the Median.

Though I have thus far confined myself to kings and sovereigns of states, yet I grieve to say, pride is equally inherent in all mankind.—Pride of beauty, of riches,

of

of dress, of talents, or of a thousand other trifles that are precarious, and may be said to depend on a thread. There is no passion which steals on the heart so imperceptibly, or which conceals itself under more disguises, or which is more inseparable to human nature; yet were the advantages in which we so much pride ourselves to be properly appreciated, we should speedily discover that we possess little to boast of or glory in.

The whole of bodily perfections may be said to consist in strength and beauty, and how many animals exceed us in the first? A few days sickness, or the loss of a little blood, and the strongest man becomes as powerless as an infant; and truly does Blair, in his beautiful poem of the Grave, express himself thus,——

"Strength

"Strength too—thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh in the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden;—let me trace it:—
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath,
Like a hard hunted beast.—How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread
shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain.————
————Heard you that groan?
It was his last!——See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. ——"

In all the pride of youthful beauty what is the human frame? a mass of corruption, filth, and disease, covered over with a fascinating outside. When the spirit flies, how

how soon does our admiration give way to disgust and horror! how do we fly from the loathsome remains of beauty!—who can now admire the fallen ghastly palid face, which so very lately delighted every beholder!

"Beauty, thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee! thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou now to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass?
T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense."

BLAIR.

The accomplishments of the mind are also vain, unless they teach us our own weakness, and the nothingness of all human acquirements; and that the only real good in this state of probation, is the opportunity of providing for hereafter.

To pride ourselves on the acquirements of our ancestors, or the possession of fortune, is at once a proof of a weak head, and a contracted disposition; for no one would be born to poverty who could avoid it. True grandeur consists neither in birth, titles, nor in riches, but in virtue alone; and to prove of how little real estimation wealth is in the sight of God, how frequently does he suffer it to be bestowed on the most unworthy, perhaps for a scourge, or rather we will hope, to give them the means of retrieving their errors, and of obliterating their enormities, by their humanity to their fellow creatures.

ON

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE love of our country appears one of the sentiments implanted in us by nature, for the general good and peace of our fellow creatures; and bereft of which, a man, according to the words of Shakespear, is fit for

"Treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

At all periods, and in all countries, we find this love predominant, particularly among the Romans; until the natural character of that people was stifled and lost, amidst the vice and luxury which surrounded them.

After the building of the city, Romulus, though the founder, claimed no merit or superiority, but left it to the people to fix their form of government as they judged best; addressing them in terms, according to Hooke, that ought never to be forgotten.

"If the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or in the depth of their ditches, we should have reason to be fearful for the safety of that which we have now built.—But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions?—They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad, but it is by prudence and courage chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented.—Cities, fortified by the strongest bulwarks, have often been seen to yield

yield to force from without, or to tumults from within; an exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil policy, are the surest barriers against those evils.

"But there is still another point of great importance to be considered,—the prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities, that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government, among the Greeks and barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them—and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect.—Choose you then in what manner this city shall be governed—shall it be by

one man?—Shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us?—Or shall the legislative power be in the people?—As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. You have chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me;—honours of which, either living or dead, I cannot be deprived."

Among the Romans the love of their country was their first duty, and proud, unbending, and just, all claims sunk before it. Witness Brutus, pronouncing sentence of death upon his sons, for plotting against the state; and the descendant of the same name imbruing his hands in the blood of his friend Cæsar, fearful that he should enslave his country.

Among

Among the Carthaginians we find Hannibal, their general, animating his soldiers to defend their country and possessions, by a speech that might do honour to the most polished times; and which could not fail of its effect on men who knew the comforts of a domestic home, and were bound by those affectionate ties which are the cement of society.—It ran thus:—

"I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left; not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, fellow soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes the rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal Gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable conquests. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune

fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense for your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult, as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown; and if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For, (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undis-

ciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

"Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul? I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you who has not been an eye witness of my exploits in war—not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his

his noble atchievements—that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

"On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry—a most gallant cavalry—you, my allies, most faithful and valiant—you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than those who act on the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war.—Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge!—First they demanded me—that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum, and

we

we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds—to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed. Pass not the Iberus. What next?—Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain! and then —you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then. Be men.

The

The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither—but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I say, you are conquerors."

Turning from distant and savage examples, to our own country, we find the Earl of Arundel, at once animated by the love of his country, and a desire to spare the effusion of blood, proposing an accommodation between King Stephen and Henry the Second. Both armies were prepared for battle, when the Earl stepped forth, and having assembled the English nobility and principal officers, addressed them to the following effect:

"It

"It is now above sixteen years, that on a doubtful and disputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has almost continually infested this kingdom. During this melancholy period, how much blood has been shed! what devastations and misery have been brought on the people!— The laws have lost their force, the crown its authority; licentiousness and impurity have shaken all the foundations of public justice. This great and noble nation has been delivered a prey to the basest of foreigners, the abominable scum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne; robbers rather than soldiers, subject to no prince, instruments of all tyranny, violence, and oppression. At the same time our cruel neighbours, the Dutch and the Scots, calling themselves allies or auxiliaries to the Empress, but in reality enemies and destroyers of England, have broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken from us whole province

whic

which we can never hope to recover; while, instead of employing our united force against them, we continue thus madly, without any care of public safety or national honour, to turn our swords against our own bosoms.

"What benefits have we gained to compensate all these losses, or what do we expect? When Matilda was mistress of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did she govern? Did she not make even those of her own faction and court regret the king? Was not her pride more intolerable still than his levity, her rapine than his profuseness? Were any years of his reign so grievous to the people, so offensive to the nobles, as the first days of her's? When she was driven out, did Stephen correct his bad conduct? Did he dismiss his odious foreign favourite? Did he discharge his lawless

lawless foreign hirelings, who had been so long the scourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever since upon free quarters, by plundering our houses, and burning our cities; and now to complete our miseries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gascons, Poictevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the son of Matilda; and many more, no doubt, will be called to assist him, as soon as ever his affairs abroad will permit—by whose help, if he be victorious, England must pay the price of their services,—our lands, our houses, must be the hire of those rapacious invaders.

"But suppose we should have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the consequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from security, that regard for our liberties, which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only

only fruit of our good success will be this; the estates of the Earl of Leicester, and others of our countrymen, who have now quitted the party of the King, will be forfeited, and new confiscations will acrue to William of Ipres.

"But let us not hope, that, be our victory ever so complete, it will give any lasting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers to succeed to his claim, and support his faction, perhaps with less merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What shall we do then to free ourselves from all these misfortunes? Let us prefer the interest of our country to that of our party, and to all those passions, which are apt, in civil dissensions, to inflame zeal into madness, and render men the blind instruments of those very evils, which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes,

crimes and all the horrors that attend a war of this kind, in which conquest itself is full of calamity, and our most happy victories deserve to be celebrated only by tears.

"Nature herself is dismayed, and shrinks back from a combat, where every blow we strike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here who would not think it a happy and glorious act, to save the life of one of his countrymen? What a felicity then, and what a glory, must it be to us all, if we save the lives of thousands of Englishmen, that must otherwise fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which hereafter may be fought on this quarrel? It is in our power to do so—it is in our power to end the controversy, both safely and honourably; by an amicable agreement, not by the sword.—

Stephen

Stephen may enjoy the royal dignity for his life, and the succession be secured to the young duke of Normandy, with such a present rank in the state as befits the heir of the crown.

"Even the bitterest enemies of the king must acknowledge, that he is valiant, generous, and good-natured; his warmest friends cannot deny, that he has a great deal of rashness and indiscretion. Both may therefore conclude, that he should not be deprived of the royal authority, but that he ought to be restrained from a further abuse of it, which can be done by no means so certain and effectual as what I propose; for thus his power will be tempered by the presence, the counsels, and influence of prince Henry, who, from his own interest in the weal of the kingdom which he is to inherit, will always have a right to interpose his advice, and even his authority,

if

if it be necessary, against any future violation of our liberties, and to procure an effectual redress of our grievances, which we have hitherto sought in vain.

"If all the English in both armies unite, as I hope they may, in this plan of pacification, they will be able to give the law to the foreigners, and oblige both the king and the duke to consent to it. This will secure the public tranquillity, and leave no secret stings of resentment, to rankle in the hearts of a suffering party, and produce future disturbances. As there will be no triumph, no insolence, no exclusive right to favour on either side, there can be no shame, no anger, no uneasy desire of change. It will be the work of the whole nation, and all must wish to support what all have established. The sons of Stephen, indeed, may endeavour to oppose it; but their efforts will be fruitless, and must end

end very soon, either in their submission or their ruin. Nor have they any reasonable cause of complaint. Their father himself did not come to the crown by hereditary right. He was elected in preference to a woman and an infant, who were deemed not to be capable of ruling a kingdom. By that election our allegiance is bound to him during his life; but neither that bond, nor the reason for which we chose him, will hold as to the choice of a successor.

"Henry Plantagenet is now grown up to an age of maturity, and every way qualified to succeed to the crown. He is the grandson of a king whose memory is dear to us, and the nearest heir male to him in the course of descent; he appears to resemble him in all his good qualities, and to be worthy to reign over the Normans and English, whose noblest blood, united, enriches his veins. Normandy has already submitted

The arrangement proposed by the wisdom of the Earl was adopted; the lives of thousands were spared, and Henry succeeded Stephen, without dissension, at his death, which happened a year afterwards, 1154.

As another example, we find queen Elizabeth's trust in her loyal subjects, by her address to them at Tilbury Fort, at the period she expected her kingdom to be invaded by the Spaniards; and which speech, according to Dr. Sharp, ran thus:—

"My loving People,

"WE have been persuaded by some who are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to an armed multitude for fear of treachery;—but I assure you, I do not wish to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear,—I have always so behaved myself,

myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come among you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the heat of the battle, to live or die among you—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.—I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any other prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.—I know already of your forwardness; you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the

word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you.—In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject;—not doubting, but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

The animation this speech caused through the army may readily be conceived; the officers and soldiers, to a man, swore to live or die in the defence of their religion, their queen, and their country.

History furnishes us with an instance of noble integrity and loyalty, in a letter which James, Earl of Derby, wrote to Commissary Ireton, son-in-law to Cromwell, in answer to a summons which he sent

sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: — That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candour of my former actings in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed.—I scorn your proffer, I disdain your favour, I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and I hope to your destruction.—Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper,

and hang up your messenger. This is my immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be His Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject,

"JAMES, Earl of DERBY."

"Castle-Town,
"July 14, 1649."

If the confusion of the times when the above was written is considered, it enhances our respect for the writer; who, when Cromwell was daily rising in power, and six months only had elapsed since King Charles the First was beheaded, he nobly dared persevere in loyalty and duty.

ON

ON SICKNESS.

"Health, blooming goddess, most propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals next to life implore;
Such graces in your heav'nly eyes appear,
That cottages are courts when you are there;
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find ease in chains, or anguish in a crown."

GARTH.

DR. Johnson observes, "that the distinctions which set one man above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated,—the wit is clouded,—the reasoner perplexed,—and the

hero subdued—where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence."

How ungrateful are the generality of mankind while they enjoy the blessing of health; and how seldom do they reflect on the weariness and pains which attend a sick bed!—While the blood flows in an uninterrupted course in its channels, and the arteries and sinews are able to perform their several functions, how apt are we to overlook that mercy which has formed them for these operations! but as soon as they are obstructed we become sensible of their value. Stretched on a bed of down, in the restlessness of pain, how joyfully would we exchange conditions with the healthy peasant, who, wearied with labour, sleeps soundly on his bed of straw. How readily should we relinquish all the advantages

vantages of riches and grandeur, to purchase health!—Health which gives relish to every enjoyment, and like the rays of the sun diffuses beauty on every object. Languishing in agony, the sound of music loses its harmony, the radiance of the sun is painful, the beauties of nature are obscured, and the gloom of night is intolerable.—Even in our gayest moments sudden pains will assail us, and a common head or tooth ache destroys all our enjoyment; thus reminding us, as it were, that we are mortal, and that if pleasure be the lot of man, it must be in something beyond the grave, for on this side constant experience tells us that all is vanity. This reflection has, however, little influence on human conduct, for how often do we act against our better judgment to avoid particularity, or being thought unfashionable. Yet surely a near prospect of death and judgment should force us to estimate more properly the

gaudy vanities of this life, and convince us of the fallacy of human comforts; and particularly lead us to bless God for the opportunity he has afforded us of seeing things as they really are, and convincing us that the small consolation all the earth can bestow, is in the time of illness, and at the hour of death. May we be sensible of this important truth before it is too late, and learn the value of those hours which we before wasted in guilt or folly; and no longer suffer ourselves to be beguiled by the fascination of a vain succession of shadows.

To shew the support of religion in the greatest sufferings, Dr. Young relates, that "Mr. Addison, after long struggling with a hopeless distemper, dismissed his physician, and prepared for death with resignation and fortitude. Finding his end approaching, he requested the presence of Lord

Lord Warwick, who had been his pupil, and was nearly related to him by marriage.—'Dear Sir,' said the youth, 'I am here, ready to listen to your commands, and shall hold myself bound in honour and duty to fulfil them.'—'My good youth,' answered the dying man, 'I sent for you only to witness in what peace a Christian can die,' and soon after expired."

As a second example, Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), when himself pronounced in danger of an apoplexy, wrote the following letter to a friend who languished under a dangerous distemper.—

"SIR,

"I am sorry to hear that your distemper grows upon you, and that you appear to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice

against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear and only child, in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased, and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since *that*, God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections,—but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper, than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case is, I know, very different, who are of a disposition inclined to melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it, for both which great allowances are to be made.

"And

" And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh,—such as these, that God is perfect love and goodness—that we are not only his creatures but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves—that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men—and that all evils and afflictions which befal us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin and punishment;—and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done;—that the sufferings of the present life are but short and slight, compared with that extreme and endless misery

misery which we have deserved—and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which we hope for in the other world; that if we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness,—and how ruggedsoever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish.

"When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it?—And should we not be willing to endure much more in order to obtain happiness, and that eternal life which God, who cannot lie, hath promised?—Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here; and yet a long life, with the usual burthens

and

and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable.—It is but the same thing over and over again—or worse,—so many more days and nights, summers and winters;—a repetition of the same joys, but with less pleasure and relish every day;—a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less patience and strength to bear them.

"These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment but comfort; though with great inequality of temper, at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us whilst we are in this world.—However, by these kind of thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able, by degrees, to bring our minds close up to it without startling at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant

constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them that love him and hope in his mercy.

"I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation. I have reason to believe that you have been careful in the time of your health, to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it; and then you have nothing now to do, but as well as you can, under your present weakness.

weakness and pains, to renew your repentance for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation of our sins;—to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into,—and in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land—the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then it will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

"I do not use to write such long letters; but I heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble; and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray

pray God to fit us both for the great change which we must once undergo, and if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference.

"I commend you to the Father of mercies, and God of consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; that when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil—and when your spirits fail, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewel, my good friend; while we are here let us pray for one another, and that we may have a joyful meeting in another world.

"I rest, Sir,

"Your truly affectionate

"Friend and servant."

Speaking

Speaking of Tillotson, Dr. Blair observes,—" That such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains;—not indeed as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth."

Of the inefficacy of worldly pleasures, or what are commonly called such, we have a striking example in the younger Villars, duke of Buckingham, who having expended his fortune in riot and profusion, at last died in a miserable inn, forsaken by his parasites and without a friend to close his eyes. In that aweful crisis what availed his past enjoyments?—Could he turn his eyes inward?

inward for consolation?—Surely no!—all there was anarchy and confusion; and truly might this unhappy man have said, in the words of Rowe,—"Alas! I have business that would employ an age, and but a moment's time to get it done in."

In this distress his mind naturally turned to the Father of mercies, as it should appear by a letter which he wrote a short time before his death to a reverend divine; and though his time was short, yet we will hope his contrition was sincere, and acceptable to that Power he had so frequently and grievously offended.——

"*Villars, Duke of Buckingham, to the Reverend Dr. W——.*

"Dear Sir,

"I always looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to

to be a person of sound understanding;—for however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I had always the highest veneration for both.—The world and I may now shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of one another. O! Doctor, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, Time.—I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalelled, and now that the enjoyment of a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours.

"How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of his distress!—In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being in his affliction with reverence, whom in his tide of prosperity he never remembered.

remembered with dread?—Don't brand me with infidelity, my dear Doctor, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer up my petition at the throne of Grace, or of imploring that Divine mercy in the next world which I have so scandalously abused in this!—Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?—Shall an insult offered to the king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice be taken, when the King of Kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

"The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, my dear Sir, were you to shew them this epistle.—They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a poor deluded wretch who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. — But whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for

for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than to my resentment. A future state may very well strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed who does not shrink at the presence of his God!

"You see, my dear Doctor, the apprehension of death will soon bring the most profligate sinner to a proper use of his understanding. To what a situation am I now reduced!—Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince?—or this anxiety of my mind becoming the characteristic of a Christian? From my rank and fortune I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life—from my religion and understanding peace to smile upon my end; instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty and haunted with remorse—despised

pised by my country and, I fear, forsaken by my God!—There is nothing so dangerous, my dear Sir, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, more especially as I sincerely regret that I was ever blessed with any at all. My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should have been displayed; hence, to purchase a smile from a blockhead I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the Holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

"Your men of wit, I am sorry to say, generally look upon themselves as discharged

charged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the Gospel to people of meaner understandings;—it is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity, and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius who studies to be good.—What a pity that the Holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! or that any one should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that seems solicitous for his happiness in the next.

"Behold me now!—I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants of my bounty; but no matter—I am not now fit to converse with the first, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not be cast off wholly, however, by the good; favour me with a visit, dear Sir, as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me

me some ease, especially upon a subject I could talk of for ever. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall solicit from you —my distemper is powerful—come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy

"BUCKINGHAM."

ON

ON DEATH.

TURN your thoughts a moment from the gaieties of the world, my young friends,—forget what you are, and remember what you *must* be.—Sooner or later those bright eyes will be closed in death—those active feet be still—that musical voice be dumb—those hands forget their office—and that merry heart cease to beat.

Sir Walter Raleigh justly observes, that "Death alone teaches us what we truly are," and proceeds thus,—"The kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of

those great ones who preceded them.—They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves.—They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope for it; but they follow the counsel of death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed;—God, which hath made him, and loves him, is always deferred. — 'I have considered,' saith Solomon, 'all the works that are under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'—But who believes it till death tells it us?—It was death which opened the conscience of Charles V. made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis I. of France, to command,

mand, that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected.

" It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man know himself.—He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant ; — makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar—a naked beggar, who hath interest in nothing but in the gravel which fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their own deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

" Oh ! eloquent, just, and mighty death ! whom none could advise, thou hast per-

 suaded ;

suaded;—what none had dared, thou hast done;—and whom all the world had flattered, thou only, hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words,—"*Hic jacet.*"

Walk into the church-yard, and observe that neither youth nor age escape the stroke of death; the most noble creatures are reduced to dust, and the best workmanship of the Creator falls to the earth.—Learn from every rising hillock, that "the wages of sin is death,"—bow in silence to the decree, and seek consolation from that lesson which so materially concerns all living creatures,—"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

"I

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy my body, yet shall I see God.—This corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass what is written, that death is swallowed up in victory.—O, death! where is thy sting?—O, grave! where is thy victory?"

Death, to a good man, is but the putting off a mortal covering, and passing out of a dark apartment, in the frail habitation of his fathers, into another, splendid and glorious beyond conception.—Prepare then for the change, and fear not to descend into the tomb,—thy soul is in the hands of thy merciful Redeemer, Lord of the unknown world, and Master over death and hell.—Thy earthly structure shall be rebuilt, upon a more noble plan, and though for a time immersed in the grave, thou

wilt shake off its bonds, and rise to endless liberty.

" As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps, that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun;
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls, at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste,
But then their chains are cast aside;
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day."

PARNELL.

The reiterated warnings we receive to be always ready for the awful change, I grieve to say is but slightly sketched on our memories, and the voice from the sepulchre in vain calls upon us; we stifle the sound in the hurry of amusement, business, and dissipation, and the momentous truth, worthy to be engraven in characters never

never to be effaced, passes our memory like the flight of an arrow—or the keel of a vessel through the foaming sea.

The rich, the poor, the proud, the humble, the wise man, and the fool, are all levelled in the tomb.—The vassal sleeps as soundly as his lord, and the loathsome worm pays as little respect to the latter as to the former; the only distinction that now subsists is a tufted hillock, or a marble sepulchre on which the sculptor's art exhibits all the outward pageantry of fastidious sorrow.

"Here lies the great ——. False marble where?
"Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here."

What a lesson for pride, and how strongly has the Rev. James Hervey expressed himself on the subject:—"I thank you, ye relics of high sounding titles and

magnificent names; ye have taught me more of the littleness of the world than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding sheet, your grandeur mouldering in an urn, are the most indubitable proofs of the nothingness of all created things.—Never surely did Providence write this important truth in such legible characters as in the ashes of *my Lord*, or on the corpse of *his Grace*."

The sumptuous palaces where they late resided, have found a new inhabitant—the star dignifies another bosom—the coronet graces another brow—the splendid equipage, solitary and empty, follows its master to his last home, and returns to a fresh possessor; and unless virtue and affection engrave the deceased on the memory of his friends, he will soon be as much forgotten as though he had never been.

"Truth

" Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for as the summer's dust
Driven by the whirlwind:— Lighted by *her* beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
See things invisible; feel things remote;
Am present with futurities, think nought
To man so foreign as the joys possess'd;
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave."

YOUNG.

Since death is the inevitable fate of all mortals, may we be enabled to say, with the pious Hervey, — " Well then, since sentence is passed, since I am a condemned man, and know not when the dread warrant may arrive, let me die to *sin*, and die to the *world*, before I die beneath the stroke of a righteous God.—Let me employ the little uncertain interval of respite in preparation for a happier state, and a better life; that when the fatal moment comes, that I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again to see my Saviour in the

mansions above. Since this body which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to pieces in the grave; since I must soon resign all my bodily powers to darkness, inactivity, and corruption, let it be my constant care to use them well while I possess them! — Let my hands be stretched forth to relieve the needy, and always be more ready to give than to receive. Let my knees bend in the deepest humiliation before the throne of grace; while my eyes are cast on the earth in penitential confusion, or be devoutly looking up to Heaven for pardoning mercy.

"In every friendly interview, let the law of kindness dwell on my lips; or rather, if the seriousness of my acquaintance permits, let the gospel of peace flow from my tongue.—Oh, that I might be enabled, in every public concourse, to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and pour abroad a more

more joyful sound than its most melodious accents, in proclaiming the glad tidings of free salvation!—Be shut, my ears, resolutely shut against the malevolent whispers of slander, and the contagious breath of wicked talking; but be swift to hear the instructions of wisdom,—be all attention when your Redeemer speaks,—imbibe the precious truths, and convey them carefully to the heart.—Carry me, my feet, to the temple of the Lord, to the beds of the sick, and the houses of the poor.—May all my members, devoted entirely to my Divine Master, be the willing instruments of promoting his glory."

Then ye embalmers ye may spare your pains, those works of faith and labours of love, shall be my spices and perfumes; enwrapped in these, I can gently lay me down and sleep sweetly in the blessed Jesus, hoping that God will "give commandment

commandment concerning my bones," and one day fetch them up from the dust as silver from the furnace, purified, I say, not seven times; but seventy times seven.

ON

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"Th' arch-angel's trumpet shakes the trembling ground,
The startled dead awaken at the sound:
The grave resigns her ancient spoils, and all
Death's adamantine prisons burst and fall:
The souls that did their forc'd departure mourn,
To the same bodies with swift flight return.
The crowding atoms re-unite apace,
All without tumult know, and take their place;
The assembled bones leap quick into their frame,
And the warm blood renews a brighter flame.
The quicken'd dust feels fresh and youthful heats,
While its old task the beating heart repeats.
The eyes, enliven'd with new vital light,
Open, admiring whence they had their sight.

Hard

other apparently trivial mischances, may bereave us of life,—may cast us at once into everlastingness, out of which no worldly art can deliver us. Nay, if we escape all fatal accidents, and no mishap hurries us to the grave, yet have we a war within us, the seeds of corruption, which will assuredly, in time, return us to the dust from whence we sprung, and render us merely,—

"A lump of senseless clay! the leavings of a soul."

In that solemn hour the companions of our merriment will fly the painful sight of a pale carcase, and in amusement endeavour to lose the remembrance of what they themselves must one day appear;—a few tender relatives or sincere friends, may indeed, follow our hearse and embitter some days and nights with tears for our departure.—But, alas! the funeral once over,

and

and the mourning weeds thrown aside, we shall naturally fade from the memory of the survivors, as well as those who have preceded us to the grave have vanished from ours. Lodged in the earth, the body falls to dust, but the immortal soul returns to the Divine Giver,—there to render up its dread account, and receive its reward or punishment, from a judge whose wisdom we cannot deceive, and from whose justice we cannot appeal. If it must be thus with us, my young friends, let us consider seriously of our great and awful change.—Where, at that day, will be our delight, recreations, and pleasures? our pride and gay apparel—our honours and adulations—our dainty dishes or our sparkling wine? Where then will be the flatterer who extolled our wit, or the companions who shared our entertainments and re-echoed our mirth?—Oh, vanity of vanities! all our worldly

worldly enjoyments are faded away; or turned to bitterness, for they will only assist in our condemnation.

Remember then, that tremendous day on which we are told, in the sixth chapter of Revelations, that—

"There shall be a great earthquake; the sun shall become black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon become as blood.

"The stars shall fall to the earth, and the heavens be rolled as a scrowl, and the mountains and islands moved out of their places.

"When the wicked shall say to the mountains and rocks,—'Fall on us and hide us from the face of him who sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb. For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

To

To turn from this fearful thought, let us consider what a joyful day it will be to those who have lived in the fear of God; and who, having atchieved their worldly pilgrimage, shall pass from misery and labour, to life and immortality, where, according to St. Paul, "*They shall see God face to face*, and enjoy perfect happiness amidst hosts of angels, to all eternity."

THE END.

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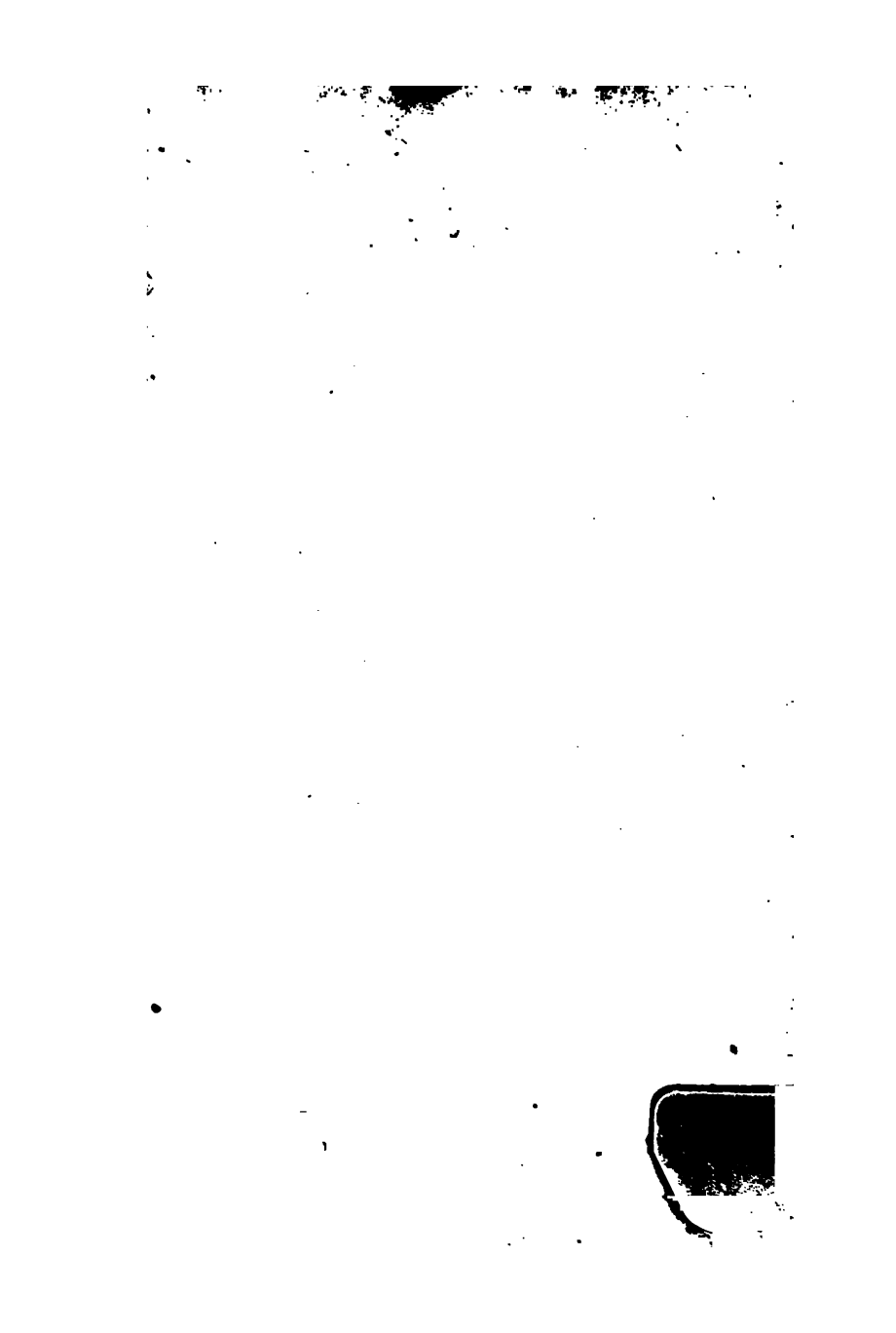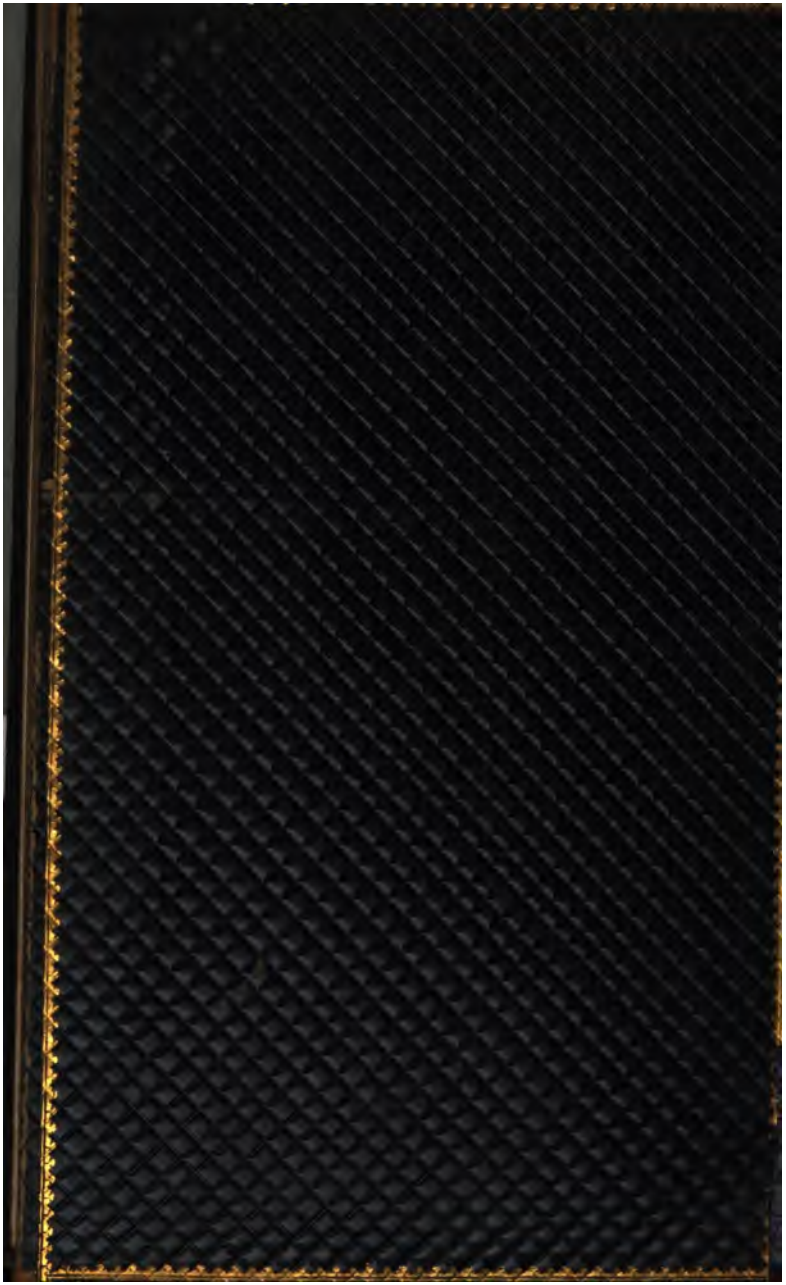
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